

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

A Living Wage Today

JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

The Coming of the Fourth Reich

DANUBICUS

Christopher Dawson

F. J. SHEED

Giants in the Pass

FRANCIS H. SIBSON

Lord of the Breadline

JOHN GIBBONS

G. K. Chesterton: The Writer

HENRY P. TUNMORE

Spanish Church and the Worker

P. H. YANCEY, S.J.

The Three Cultures

HILAIRE BELLOC

JUNE, 1938



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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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PERSONAL MENTION



F. J. Sheed

a publishing house. The London office was established in 1927—the American branch in 1933. Besides translating the works of several distinguished authors, he has written *Nullity of Marriage* and *Map of Life*. As Master of the Catholic Evidence Guild of England he has trained many of those who explain the Church's point of view on street corners and in open-air meetings.

In introducing *Christopher Dawson* to our readers he reviews the life and works of a personal friend. This present appreciation and another which will appear next month have both been read in manuscript by Mr. Dawson and have received his approval as faithfully interpreting his thought. Articles by Christopher Dawson himself will soon make their appearance in the pages of *THE SIGN*.

• LOVERS of fiction have already enjoyed several absorbing short stories in *THE SIGN* from the pen of FRANCIS H. SIBSON. These stories included *On the Air*, *The Ship That Would Not Die*, and *The Master of the "Allonby"*. Mr. Sibson is at present assistant editor of a daily paper at Durban, Natal, South Africa. He finds time, however, to write short stories and even occasional full-length

novels. To the latter class belong *The Survivors*, which has been translated into French, German and Magyar, and *Unthinkable*, published in the United States, Britain and France.

Mr. Sibson has devoted most of his life to his two great interests—the sea and writing. In 1931 he accepted a temporary commission in the South African Naval



Francis H. Sibson

• MR. F. J. SHEED is as well known in America as in England for his writings and lectures. He is an Australian of Irish descent, and was awarded the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Law by Sidney University. On his arrival in England he decided against devoting himself to law. Instead, with his wife, Maisie Ward, he founded

Service, Mine-sweeping Flotilla. In 1932 he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander on the war reserve list. He is married and has three children: two daughters and one son.

Further short stories from the pen of this gifted writer will appear soon in *THE SIGN*. *Ordeal By Radio* is one of them. It is the best sea story we have read in many a day.

• SO HEAVY is the growing shadow cast by the ambition of Germany, and so definite is the plan of advance mapped out by Hitler in *Mein Kampf*, that Europe and the rest of the world look questioningly to *The Coming of the Fourth Reich*. What strategy will be used? How fast will the German frontiers be pushed eastward? What economic and political preparations are under way on the part of the Nazis for the penetration of neighboring countries? Will effective resistance be offered to invasion? On the answers to these questions depends the peace of Europe.

These questions are considered carefully by an authority who for the present wishes to be known as DANUBICUS. First-hand information and a personal knowledge of the countries now threatened are revealed in his timely article.



Henry P. Tunmore

• DOUGLAS JERROLD contributes *Christianity, Riches and Poverty* to this issue. This article, together with several others that have appeared in our pages, are chapters in Mr. Jerrold's new book, *The Future of Freedom*, a publication of Sheed & Ward.

• IT WAS two years ago this month that G. K. Chesterton passed away. On his death *THE SIGN* lost one of its most distinguished contributors. In the present issue, HENRY P. TUNMORE treats of *G. K. Chesterton: The Writer*. He discusses Chesterton's style as a test of his universality.

Mr. Tunmore, at present a senior at Harvard, is a native of Garden City, Long Island. His major in college has been history. He plans to do graduate work in history in preparation for a career of college teaching. In spite of his youth Mr. Tunmore has done some writing on Chesterton and considerable study of his works. On this subject he says: "I write about him not so much to praise him as a fine stylist and a great-hearted man as to rescue him from his praisers. My hope is that I may bring my readers to see how much more vital what Chesterton had to say is than *how he said it*."

THE SIGN



A N A T I O N A L C A T H O L I C M A G A Z I N E



Towards A New Social Order

THE PROGRAM of Catholic Social Action is sane, just and promising. Too little thought, too little effort in applying it, too weak an organization in promoting it, have characterized Catholics as a whole throughout the nation. Individual or group activities are contributing something to the cause of making that program effective. But praiseworthy as such activities are, they have naturally been unable to make such an impression as would be assured a united movement.

A great step forward towards such a movement was taken at the National Catholic Social Action Conference in Milwaukee. No mere emotional outbursts on deplorable conditions, no hazy enthusiasm which guaranteed an overnight solution of our problems found expression there. A carefully planned and wide-range schedule of informative and constructive talks was delivered.

In striking the keynote of the Conference, Archbishop Stritch insisted on the application of "the Christian remedy as alone potent to restore social health and vigor" and lamented as tragic the plight of those who are "driven by their necessity to seek relief from the panderers of social nostrum." This is not empty rhetoric, but a frank admission of the injustices which force men to desperation.

As one speaker at the Convention remarked, it is a historical fact that an order of selfishness and greed has been established by the enemies of the Church and of the Supernatural. Over these, of course, the Church has no direct control. But Catholics who have been drawn into this grasping, unfair system should get back to the Christian teaching that they are, in the eyes of God, stewards or custodians of wealth—not absolute, irresponsible owners. Theirs is a duty towards their fellowmen and towards society as a whole. In vain will the Church insist on the family and the home as the foundation on which the State rests, unless those who control wealth make possible the support of a family by a decent living wage.

FLOWING from these general principles, which are fairly well known and too often ignored, are practical suggestions which will make for security, independence and peace. No master-mind has been able to submit a plan whereby all national, local or vocational problems can be immediately solved. But the free and fair discussion of proposed solutions does undoubtedly help towards the clearing up of difficulties.

Of course if the workingman is to be left out of these discussions or to have no influence in reaching decisions, little good will come of them. This may seem

so obvious as not to need mention. But it is startling and revealing to read Monsignor Haas' statement in reference to the failure of the N.R.A.: "Only in 23 of the 557 basic codes were there voting representatives of the code authority, and on not a single one did labor have an equal vote with management." We cannot but re-echo his appeal for laboring men: "Give them a voice in their work."

A FURTHER good will result from these common meeting grounds for men and women of all classes. From an exchange of ideas on their individual and mutual problems will come concessions which make for the general good. A sense of interdependence between rural and urban groups, between employers and employees will prompt unified action. Such was the hope which ran through the Milwaukee Conference.

We regret we have not room for quotation of numerous passages from the prepared papers of the speakers on the professions, industries, unemployment, agriculture, working youth and working women, and on governmental action and other related subjects. Emphasis was naturally given to the moral and religious aspects of the economic situation, for attempts to reconstruct the social order must be preceded by actual reform of individuals.

Credit must be given to the hierarchy, clergy and laity who have given time, thought and leadership as their contribution to a better social order. But admiration and praise cannot substitute for action. The problems treated at Milwaukee vitally affect everyone—rich or poor. Insecurity, class conflict, unemployment, concentrated power and widespread poverty call for the serious consideration of all.

An additional obligation to promote social justice and charity rests upon us Catholics. We have many advantages derived from our position as Catholics. We have the inspiration of the charity of Christ Himself and of a long line of Saints and heroic souls who have given their all to alleviate suffering and to elevate the condition of the poor and unemployed. We have the guidance and light of the great encyclicals.

"And unto whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required." A heavy obligation rests upon us before God and men to know and to promote the principles of a Christian social order.

Father Théophane Maguire C.S.C.

CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

• SINCE the beginning of his administration in 1933 Mr. Roosevelt has initiated and carried through a program of governmental regulation of business so profound

Another Remedy Needed

and far-reaching that large parts of it were declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. During that same period he has advo-

cated and promoted the spending of almost incredibly vast sums of money in an effort to stimulate recovery. The net result is that we find ourselves in the midst of a new depression in which production has fallen further in a shorter time than in the Hoover depression of 1929 and 1930; we have 6,000,000 families, comprising 20,000,000 persons, receiving some form of public assistance, and approximately 15,000,000 unemployed.

It is just possible that all this is sufficient evidence that the New Deal method of bringing about recovery through governmental regimentation of business and pump-priming has failed to produce the desired effect. It is possible that Mr. Roosevelt was right when he declared in a campaign speech at San Francisco in 1932:

"The government should assume the function of economic regulation only as a last resort, to be tried only when private initiative, inspired by high responsibility, with such assistance and balance as government can give, has finally failed. As yet there has been no final failure, because there has been no attempt; and I decline to assume that this nation is unable to meet the situation."

That another remedy besides business regulation and pump-priming is known—even in the highest circles of the New Deal—is evident from a speech delivered by the present Secretary of the Treasury last November. He declared:

"The basic need today is to foster the full application of the driving force of private capital. We want to see capital go into the productive channels of private industry. We want to see private business expand. We believe that much of the remaining unemployment will disappear as private capital funds are increasingly employed in productive enterprises. We believe that one of the most important ways of achieving these ends at this time is to continue progress toward a balance of the Federal budget."

And as long as we have taken to quoting speeches, let us quote another—by Franklin D. Roosevelt at Oglethorpe University on May 22nd, 1932:

"The country needs and, unless I mistake its temper, the country demands bold, persistent experimentation. It is common sense to take a method and try it: if it fails, admit it frankly and try another."

It seems to us that there are very strong reasons for admitting failure and trying some other remedy.

• IN RECENT months there has been a steady crescendo of discontent with the work of the National Labor Relations Board. This should surprise no one. The Board

was set up by the Wagner Act, which is a fine example of partisan legislation. The Act protects labor but not industry; it defines unfair

labor practices on the part of industry, but none on the part of labor. It demands that an employer accord recognition for collective bargaining to representatives whom he views as irresponsible and who have proven themselves irresponsible and unwilling to stick to their agreements. It subjects employers to a Board made up of men who are not merely favorable to unions but who are hostile to employers. It has exposed employers to sit-down strikes, wild-cat strikes, mass picketing and other such abuses.

There is need to remedy this state of affairs by amending the Wagner Act to make it less unfair and one-sided. But in seeking further legislation both employers and unions would do well to consider the sound words of advice of Mr. C. S. Ching in addressing the Chamber of Commerce Convention in Washington:

"We deplore the way in which industry is hampered by inflexible provisions which are imposed upon it by legislation. If history repeats itself, it is only a matter of time before the political forces will attempt to place shackles on organized labor and labor generally. If industry persists in its attempt to put handcuffs and leg irons on organized labor, and organized labor goes along with the politicians to put more shackles on industry, some of these days we will both find ourselves where neither one of us can do anything but spit at each other, and the politician will stand by and laugh at both of us.

"Isn't it about time that organized labor and industry sat down together to discuss their mutual problems, and then tell their representatives in Congress what they both believe would be for the best interests of our country?"

The pendulum might swing in the other direction and then we could have a Labor Act as unfair to labor as the Wagner Act is to industry.

• • •

• IN OUR present economic system, labor and industry are separated from one another into two opposing camps—divided by the wide gulf of self-interest. Each

Wage-Earners Sharing Ownership

struggles with all the forces at its command to secure the lion's share of the profits which accrue from their united efforts. The struggle is harmful to both and will lead ultimately to excessive governmental regulation of the relations between industry and labor.

One of the best means of reconciling the two is to make their interests identical. This can be done to a very great extent by giving the worker a share in the business in which he is engaged. Such a procedure has the recommendation of Pope Pius XI in *Forty Years After*. After declaring that the wage-contract is not essentially unjust, the Holy Father goes on to say:

"In the present state of human society, however, we deem it advisable that the wage-contract should, when possible, be modified somewhat by a contract of partnership, as is already being tried in various ways to the no small gain both of the wage-earners and of the employers. In this way wage-earners are made sharers in some sort in the ownership, or the management, or the profits."

These recommendations of the Holy Father are not impractical. They have been put into effect in many instances. Several are related by Dr. Joseph F. Thorning in an article called "Labor's Share," which appeared in THE SIGN and which was read into the Congressional Record. Mr. Harmon P. Elliott, President of the Addressing Machine Company, set up for his employees a trust fund of \$250,000 invested in seven per cent cumulative stock of the company. President Rich of the George R. Rich Manufacturing Company took 158 employees into partnership. He offered them \$1,500 worth of stock apiece, and the right to elect three directors to the corporation's board of eight. First dividends go to employee stockholders. Employee directors act as a permanent shop grievance committee and serve on a wage committee to keep pay in line with living costs.

In such firms as these the risk of conflict between worker and operator is greatly reduced because of the identity of interests. A widespread use of this method by industrialists would go far to counteract Communist propaganda among those whom the Holy Father refers to as "the dispossessed laboring masses."

• • •

• IN AN address to the American Law Institute in Washington last month, Chief Justice Hughes warned of the need of maintaining the highest standards in the election or appointment of judges. As the Chief Justice said: "The prime necessity in making the judicial machinery work to the best

Judges and the Supreme Court
advantage is the able and industrious judge, qualified by training, experience and temperament for his office. . . . We are fortunate in the great number of such judges that we have throughout the country, and only the ill-informed or ill-disposed would overlook that fact. It is the exceptions among the judges, who, with their conspicuous ineptness, do the harm."

There is nothing in the address to indicate that Mr. Hughes had reference to the Supreme Court or to its justices, but if we can believe an article in the May Harpers he may very well have spoken from his experiences in recent months in presiding over that august tribunal. The article—"The Supreme Court Today"—by Marquis W. Childs, shows indications that the author tapped sources of information either within the Court itself or very close to it. His findings are very uncomplimentary to ex-Klanman Hugo Black, who, according to this author, has caused his colleagues on the bench "acute discomfort and embarrassment." This does not arise from his former association with the Ku Klux Klan but rather from his lack of legal knowledge and experience, his deficiency in background and training, which have led him into blunders which have

shocked the older members of the Court. Although relatively simple cases have been assigned to him, nevertheless other members of the Court have found it necessary to rewrite his opinions before releasing them.

When President Roosevelt tried to reform the judiciary, one of his strongest arguments was that the Supreme Court was far behind in its docket. This was proven false at the time. With one or several justices unable to contribute a fair share of efficient labor and unable to maintain the pace of the Court it would not be long before this argument for the reform of the judiciary would be valid—perhaps to the extreme satisfaction of the advocates of reform.

In the meantime the highest Court in the land suffers disrepute. When further vacancies occur in the Supreme Court, as they probably will soon, we hope the President will select a man of more experience than a police magistrate, of more liberal views than a Klansman, and of more judicial temperament than Hugo Black exhibited as Senatorial inquisitor.

• • •

• TODAY as in the past there are those who may be called and sometimes are called "liberal" Catholics. They are really Catholics. They are quick to assert that they accept the teachings of the Church in faith and morals and fulfill their essential obligations. It is perhaps only on the question

of birth control that they are on really dangerous ground. In their conversation, especially in a group of non-Catholics, they quickly let it be known, however, that they are not as other Catholics. They are "liberals." The variety and hue of their "liberalism" depend on the persons themselves and on the circumstances which permit its exercise. There have been many such circumstances recently. Perhaps that is why we have heard so much from them of late.

The civil war in Spain has provided them with an excellent opportunity to manifest their "liberalism." If they are not for the "legitimate and democratic government," which is rarely the case, they are for neutrality. We should withhold our judgment, they tell us, on the merits of a struggle in which one side has murdered priests, nuns and Catholics in general, has suppressed and still suppresses the Catholic religion, and is dominated by Anarchists and Communists!

"Liberal" Catholics pooh-pooh the danger of Communism in spite of Popes, bishops and priests. The real threat, they will tell you, is Fascism, although they are at a loss to know where it exists or threatens in this country. While not openly anti-clerical, they find a great deal in clerical conduct to censure, and they feel that a priest's place is in the sacristy—especially if one differs from them on a public issue.

If Catholic sentiment is against a measure, as for instance the Child Labor Amendment, "liberal" Catholics consider the bishops and priests reactionary. If a Catholic editor answers vigorously an attack on the Church, he is lacking in a sense of humor. Catholic education, not yet having discovered and adopted the theories of Professor Dewey, is hopelessly medieval.

In conversation—and sometimes in print—these Catholics make great efforts to show that after all they differ but very little from their fellowmen, never reflecting that often enough their fellowmen have kept very little Christianity, and that in an extremely diluted form of Protestantism, or else are out-and-out pagans in principles and conduct.

The individual "liberal" Catholic may not possess all these traits, although often enough he does—and others too. It is easy to overestimate the number of these

"liberals" because they talk and write—and are quoted because they say what the enemies of the Church like to hear. But they are not really dangerous—only annoying. And very annoying when they accuse us of a lack of charity when we oppose their views.

• • •
• A FUNDAMENTALLY sound solution of the minorities problem in Central Europe is impossible, due to the fact that there are no clear-cut frontiers separating the

various racial groups. They live alongside one another and intermingle with one another in such a way that it is impossible to mark off

on the map distinct areas for each group.

In Czechoslovakia, however, there are sections which are distinguished by a large majority of what may be called the subject racial groups. There are 3½ million Sudeten Germans along the German frontier, 720,000 Hungarians along the Hungarian and 100,000 Poles on the Polish border.

That Czechoslovakia constitutes a unit in any real sense is a fiction created by the Peace Conference in 1919 under the direction of Wilsonian idealism and the French desire to surround Germany with a circle of French allies. But even Wilson's policy of granting minorities self-determination was not fulfilled. The Czechs from a subject people became masters of various minority groups including the Sudeten Germans so much in the limelight today. Until forced by fear of their powerful neighbor, the Czechs made no effort to respect the rights of minorities—rights which they clamored for when they themselves were the subject minority. And it is not only the Wilsonian policy of self-determination that has failed. The French plan to set up a powerful ally on Germany's eastern frontier has also failed. A war would in all probability see Czechoslovakia disintegrate into its various conflicting racial groups.

What will become of this synthetic state only the future can tell. Much depends of course on the support it receives abroad. The downfall of the Popular Front in France was a blow to its hopes. The *Tablet* of London quotes the French paper *Gringoire* to the effect that the whole of the Blum-Boncour attitude was nothing but international Masonry. It cites M. Bouglé, director of the Ecole Normale, and an extreme Left politician, who wrote: "Czechoslovakia is essential for the maintenance of *l'idée laïque* in Central Europe." M. Benes, the President of Czechoslovakia, is a very high Mason, as are all his ministers. His friendship for men like Kalinin in Russia and Negrin in Spain, as well as his status as a Mason, help to explain Leftist and Masonic sympathy for Czechoslovakia.

• • •

• WHILE it is impossible to foresee with certainty the future of Czechoslovakia, it is becoming apparent that it will not last long as an independent unit in anything

more than name. It appears evident that Germany will dominate it by the slow process of political and economic penetration. It is not

necessary for Hitler to risk an armed invasion to reduce it to vassalage, although at the present time that risk would not be so great as it was thought a few weeks ago. Since the fall of the Popular Front government in France, French politicians have been finding various reasons for not feeling obliged to go to the help of their ally in case of aggression, and Russia is still too occupied at home with the task of executing the founders

of Communism in that unhappy Soviet paradise.

Hungary, threatened with complete economic dependence on Germany, is probably in almost as dangerous a position as Czechoslovakia. This is the reason for the recent change of government in which Bela Imredy emerged as Premier. His great ability and prestige will be used to counteract Nazi propaganda and to preserve Hungarian economic independence. The new anti-Semitic legislation passed by the former government appears to be an attempt to steal the Nazi thunder by adopting some of their policies. Although the Jews form only five per cent of the population, they dominate the trades, industry and the professions. The new laws limit their participation to twenty per cent.

What Hitler's policy will be toward Yugoslavia and Rumania is not so clear at present. Yugoslavia would open the way to the Adriatic, but here he must take into consideration Italy and the new Anglo-Italian pact. A glance at the maps on page 658 will show how the domination of Rumania would open the way to the fulfillment of Hitler's dream of annexing the Ukraine.

Perhaps this is looking too far ahead, but at least it is evident that the Third Reich is taking the first steps of the eastward march described in Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. Does Hitler's dream now include a vast federation of States in Central and Eastern Europe united to and dependent on the German Volk somewhat after the manner of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire?

The forces at work assisting this new *Drang nach Osten* are skillfully analyzed by Danubius in "The Coming of the Fourth Reich," on page 657.

• • •
• THE Nye resolution which would have permitted the United States to send arms to Spain had the effect of revealing the true sentiments of some of our great haters of war and fascism. Had Congress adopted the Nye resolution and permitted shipment of arms and ammunition to Spain it would

have had the effect of greatly prolonging the civil war with a consequent increase in suffering, destruction and bloodshed. It would have led to increased intervention on the part of European powers which might have resulted in "incidents" and the consequent embroilment of Europe—and the United States—in a new world war based on ideologies in which we have no interest.

All this meant nothing, however, to our haters of war and fascism. As long as it is a war to their own liking and against an enemy of their own choosing let the drums sound and the flags unfurl. They bombarded Washington with letters and telegrams asking—demanding—repeal of American neutrality legislation so that they could unleash the dogs of war in favor of the "legitimate and democratic" Madrid-Valencia-Barcelona-Paris-Moscow régime in Spain.

Such blindness is not a peculiarly American phenomenon. It is found also in England. Mr. Neville Chamberlain has furthered the cause of peace by agreements with Italy, France and Ireland. He is at present paving the way for an agreement with Germany, thus consolidating the peace of Europe. But because it is a peace that is not based on the now defunct League, because it is not the peace envisioned by the advocates of collective security under the League, there are those who will have none of it. Although it is the only practical method of securing peace it is denounced by His Majesty's Opposition as a return to the old system of alliances. Better war with the League than peace without it.

Realists who are willing to face the facts will serve the cause of peace better than the pacifists who are ready to fight for their ideal of peace.

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EWING GALLOWAY

Catholic Doctrine, Formulated By the Popes, Insists That a Man Has a Right to a Job, and to Wages That Will Enable Him to Live a Fully Human Life

THE Catholic of today, oppressed by the burden of the world's strife and confusion, seeks guidance and light in the social encyclicals of the Popes. He knows that there he will find wisdom that is not of this earth and counsel that cleaves a sure path between the conflicting views of experts. Yet his first contact with these great documents often leaves him more puzzled than he was before. The apparent vagueness and generality of their pronouncements, the seemingly inaccessible heights of idealism to which they call the world, even the asserted impossibility of carrying them out in modern society, is to him a rock of scandal and of stumbling.

Upon further reflection, however, he realizes that these magnificent moral treatises do not pretend to cover every minute detail. He understands that they set up standards, moral imperatives, which are based on eternal truth. Given such guiding beacons, it becomes the task of the economist and statesman to devise

the proper technique for realizing these ideals. The moral principles of the Church state the objectives and determine in some measure the choice of means towards these objectives, but the concrete measures which embody these ideals are more the work of the economist than the theologian.

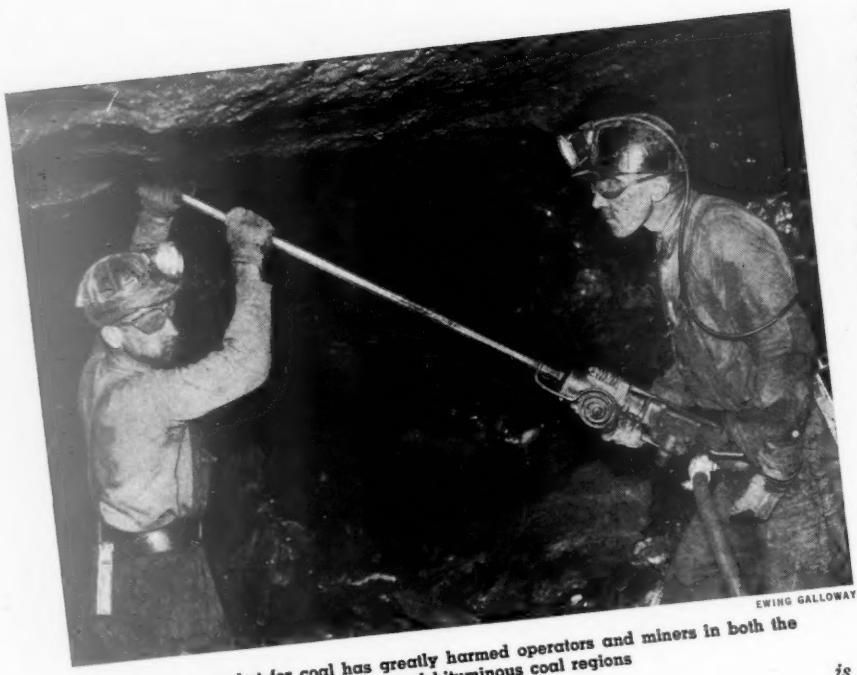
Limitations of Encyclicals

A REALIZATION of the self-imposed limitations of the encyclicals helps to solve many of the difficulties raised by sincere Catholics and at the same time clear the way for a real application of Catholic social principles. Rarely is this truth more evident than it is in the case of the subject of the present discussion, the ideal of the living wage. For some reason or other, perhaps because of its intimate connection with the symbol of social distress, the proletarian, this ideal has popularly seemed as a condensation of the economic message of the Popes. Most non-Catholics and lay Catholics who

are familiar with the great encyclicals carry away this teaching alone as their summary of these documents.

In many cases, however, this limited knowledge produces most perverse effects. Some readers find in what they conceive to be the splendid futility of these ideals an example of the folly of seeking economic reform by the light of moral standards. Since this attitude is not uncommon, a study of the full implication of the doctrine of the living wage goes far beyond the subject under discussion. It serves at once to illustrate the method of interpreting Catholic social principles suggested so frequently by the Popes themselves and at the same time to emphasize the practical value of these impressive tracts.

In speaking of a living wage, one speaks in terms of ethics, not economics. Human values and not mathematical equations lie behind this standard. A living wage implies a pay envelope which enables a



Loss of market for coal has greatly harmed operators and miners in both the anthracite and bituminous coal regions

EWING GALLOWAY

worker to live as befits a man. It would allow him a normal fulfillment of human desires, accomplished in dignity and security. This decent life includes above all the right to marry and to raise a family in a fitting manner. Marriage should not be a distant hope for the younger worker. It is not to be an overwhelming burden to be borne within the confines of a tenement hovel. Nor should children be aught but the blessing of God upon a happy union.

The economic stringency which forces married persons to look upon each child as a new cross laid upon already overburdened shoulders is surely not in accordance with the ways of God. The cheerful light of wedding day was not meant to be ominous with overhanging clouds of insecurity and despair. Such a life is not human, and a social system which needlessly enforces it upon millions is already judged and condemned. Rather the Catholic ideal is that of a sufficiency of the material goods of life—food, clothing, housing, medical care, insurance and recreation—so that the soul may be free to follow the better part.

Behind the Catholic doctrine on wages is a challenge and a creed. The challenge is directed against the philosophy which arose in the Sixteenth Century to assert that economic matters are in a sphere apart, not to be encumbered with the hair-splitting of divines. The creed is an assertion that God's will must be

done upon earth, and that any system which ignores the law of God is unholy and reprobate. Economics is not a science set apart from all others. It simply analyzes the technique of producing and distributing wealth. This technique may be used for good or for evil. It is at this point that the Church enters as the supreme interpreter of God's Will and passes judgment upon economic conduct. She defines the moral standards which should govern the conduct of man and society. She sets the goals and objectives of man's action. Then economic technique determines the proper means to this end. Those who use these means act rightly, those who reject these means no longer walk in the paths of God.

Human Person Sacred

IN THE present case the Church sets forth as basic the dignity of man. She insists that every human being, no matter what his station, how low his intelligence or how vicious and depraved his character, is by his nature a sacred person. This is true because every man has an immortal soul. He was made for God, and no creature may exercise absolute sway over his being. When Christ ascended the stoning hill of Calvary, He testified in a striking manner to the worth of every man. Love can do no more than die, and when Christ died for all men He put the seal of God upon the reasonings of the philosophers that man by his very nature is unique among the va-

rious inhabitants of this earth.

The dignity of man implies that every man has basic rights which cannot be denied, and the fundamental duty of according a like respect to his fellow men. A man may not be treated as an animal or as an inanimate tool, to be used as far as possible and then discarded. Man is something more than an instrument for gratifying the whims of other men. His high destiny gives him a nobility which may not be ignored. Practically this means that the laws and institutions of mankind must guarantee the basic rights of man mentioned above, the right to live, to marry, and to raise children in dignity and security.

These are moral imperatives with which the Church confronts an economic system. First, a man must live—and for fallen man to live is to work by the sweat of his brow.

Accordingly the right to live is the right to a job. An economic system which persistently ignores this right is morally indefensible. Furthermore and secondly the work itself must permit a man to exercise as fully as possible his basic human rights. The wages he receives from his toil must be such as to allow him to live a fully human life. Specifically he must be able to marry and to perpetuate his name among the generations of men. Anything less than this is less than human.

Family Living Wage

IT IS safe to conclude, accordingly, that a man by his nature has a right to what is called a "family living wage." He can claim as his due an annual wage which will enable him to support a family decently. This means security for the present and the future, his daily bread, and the possibility of saving something for a day of crisis. Pope Pius XI insists strongly on this fact. He comes back to this subject again and again in his writings. Some excerpts from three of his encyclicals will illustrate this fact (italics by the author):

"In the first place the wage paid to the workingman must be sufficient for the support of himself and of his family. It is right indeed that the rest of the family contribute according to their power towards the common maintenance, as in the rural home or in the families of many artisans and small shop keepers. But it is wrong to abuse the tender years of children or the weakness of woman. Mothers will above all devote their work to the home and the things connected with it. Intolerable,

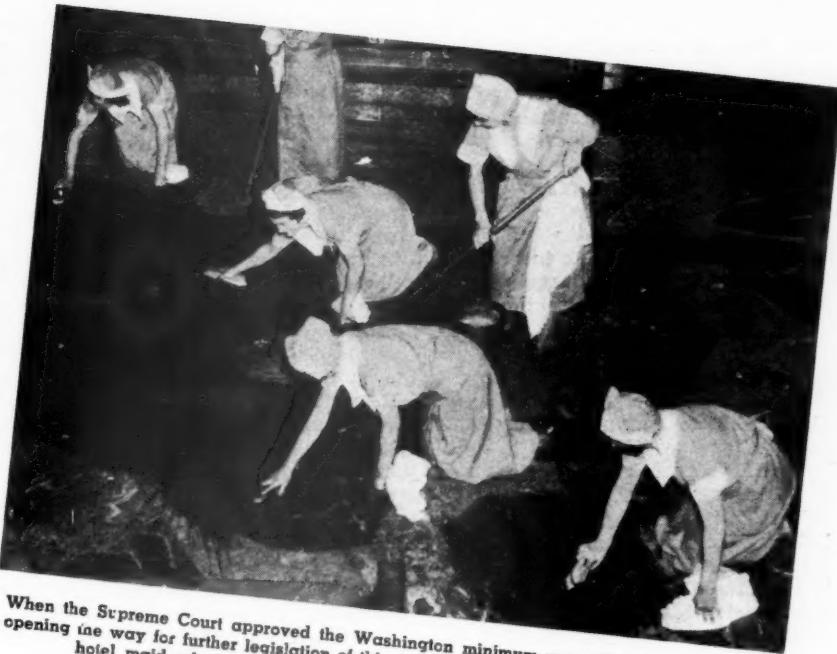
and to be opposed with all our strength, is the abuse whereby mothers of families, because of the insufficiency of the father's salary, are forced to engage in gainful occupations outside the domestic walls to the neglect of their own proper cares and duties, particularly the education of their children.

"Every effort must therefore be made that fathers of families receive a wage sufficient to meet adequately ordinary domestic needs. If in the present state of society this is not always feasible, social justice demands that reforms be introduced without delay which will guarantee every adult workingman just such a wage. In this connection we might utter a word of praise for various systems devised and attempted in practice, by which an increased wage is paid in view of increased family burdens, and a special provision is made for special needs." (*Reconstructing the Social Order*)

Papal Insistence

AND SO, in the first place, every effort must be made to bring about what our predecessor Leo XIII, of happy memory, has already insisted upon, namely, that in the State such economic and social methods should be adopted as will enable every head of the family to earn as much as, according to his station in life, is necessary for himself, his wife, and for the rearing of his children, for 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.' To deny this, or to make light of what is equitable, is a grave injustice and is placed among the greatest sins by the Holy Writ; nor is it lawful to fix such a scanty wage as will be insufficient for the upkeep of the family in the circumstances in which it is placed.

"If, however, for this purpose, private resources do not suffice, it is the duty of the public authority to supply for the insufficient forces of individual effort, particularly in a matter which is of such importance to the commonweal, touching as it does the maintenance of the family and married people. If families, particularly those in which there are many children, have not suitable dwellings; if the husband cannot find employment and means of livelihood; if the necessities of life cannot be purchased except at exorbitant prices; if even the mother of the family to the great harm of the home, is compelled to go forth and seek a living by her own labor; if she, too, in the ordinary or even extraordinary labors of childbirth, is



When the Supreme Court approved the Washington minimum wage law for women, thus opening the way for further legislation of this type, the case was brought by a poorly paid hotel maid who did work similar to that of the women pictured above

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deprived of proper food, medicine, and the assistance of a skilled physician, it is patent to all to what an extent married people may lose heart, and how home life and the observance of God's commands are rendered difficult for them; indeed it is obvious how great a peril can arise to the public security and to the welfare and very life of civil society itself when such men are reduced to that condition of desperation that, having nothing which they fear to lose, they are emboldened to hope for chance advantage for the upheaval of the State and of established order." (*On Christian Marriage*).

"But social justice cannot be said to have been satisfied as long as workingmen are denied a salary that will enable them to secure proper sustenance for themselves and for their families; as long as they are denied the opportunity of acquiring a modest fortune and forestalling the plague of universal pauperism; as long as they cannot make suitable provision through public or private insurance for old age, for periods of illness and unemployment." (*Atheistic Communism*).

Such is the standard set up by Catholic moral principles. To understand its full implications, one must study our present economic system and the possibility of future changes.

In the United States today, a minimum wage is considered to mean an annual urban income ranging be-

tween fifteen hundred and two thousand dollars. These figures have been reached by careful sample surveys in various cities, conducted by different social agencies. Thus, for example, the National Industrial Conference Board, an employers' organization, usually arrives at a total of about sixteen hundred dollars. When this figure is compared with the average weekly wage paid in manufacturing industry (around twenty dollars), one sees a startling discrepancy. If this average wage earner is the only income producer in the family, and if he lives in a large city where at least sixteen hundred dollars a year is required for decent living, it can be seen that he is definitely sub-standard.

Wages in Prosperous Times

IT IS no wonder that the conservative Brookings Institution concludes that in 1929, a most prosperous year, out of over twenty-seven million families, over sixteen million (or 60 per cent) received less than two thousand dollars a year. Nearly twelve million families (or 42 per cent) received less than fifteen hundred, and six million (or 21 per cent) less than a thousand dollars a year. In our most prosperous year almost half of America's families were receiving less than the estimated minimum for decent living.

Furthermore this minimum is by no means the full equivalent of wage

justice. It simply marks a bottom level which should not be passed. It may often be attained in a way that involves social injustice, as when young children or mothers of families are forced to seek unsuitable employment. Ethically speaking, it is the task of the economic system to insure that this minimum can be obtained in a reasonable way. With that as a foundation, the economic system should then seek to erect a superstructure based on equity and fair-dealing.

National Income and Wages

NO MAN not devoid of moral sense questions the justice of this standard. But many men question its practical value. They assert that while in theory an employer is bound to pay a living wage, in practice this obligation is meaningless. No man is held to the impossible and such a wage is considered to be impossible in the present economic system. Industry simply does not produce enough wealth each year to allow of this minimum ideal. The total value of the annual product of the American economic system in recent years is about sixty billion dollars. A considerable portion of this total represents machinery and like goods which are not consumed by the average family. If the remainder were divided equally among our thirty million families, each would receive much less than two thousand dollars.

Certainly this is not an imposing total, even supposing such a division were politically, economically and morally feasible. This difficulty is still more apparent when one gets down to details. Thus if, for example, all the first-class housing facilities in the country were evenly divided, there would still be a shortage. Furthermore each employer is so harried by pressure of competition that he is not really free to follow his will in the matter. Necessitous men are not free men and hence cannot be morally obligated.

From the viewpoint of the individual employer, there is much merit in the objections just outlined. It is true that good men are not always free to follow the dictates of their conscience in the matter of wages. Many are, or feel that they are, unable to pay a living wage and remain in business. They assert that the example of the employers, such as George F. Johnson of the Endicott-Johnson Company, who have voluntarily established high standards, cannot be followed by the average business man.

If one grants their case, is it right to conclude that the living wage is a

will-o'-the-wisp? Or may one not rather infer that our present economic system is at fault? There are reasons which make the latter appear to be the more logical conclusion. A strong case can be made for the assertion that the American economic system is physically capable of bringing to our land an era of shared abundance. It is true that there are obstacles preventing the advent of this happy state, but they are clearly defined, concrete problems. Their solution is not easy, yet it does not appear to be impossible. These conclusions become more evident when they are examined in detail.

Regarding the first statement just made, that the American economic system could be speeded up so as to produce far more than it does at present, we have simply to take inventory. If a factory owner wishes to know how much he can produce, he estimates the amount of raw material available, the capacity of his machines, and the supply of suitably trained labor. The nation need only do likewise. This inventory has been made in recent years by a very conservative research group, the Brookings Institution, of Washington. They found a very abundant reserve of raw material and natural resources. The factories and the technicians needed to run them were not lacking. And labor—the question hardly needs to be asked with twelve million unemployed.

Accordingly these experts concluded that with its present equipment the nation could have turned out twenty per cent more goods than it did in 1929, its most prosperous year. Putting this into money terms, in 1929 America could have produced an income which would have meant an average of thirty-five hundred dollars a year for each family, a considerable increase over the figure mentioned above. Yet this amount seems moderate when it is compared to the conclusions reached by other surveys of the subject. By making very few modifications in the existing system, different experts concluded that the national income could be raised to such an extent that the average would be forty-five hundred dollars a family. These conclusions were not reached by a congress of novelists, but by careful, calculating engineers.

The Human Element

THESSE engineers, however, deliberately neglected the most important factor in the study, namely, the human element. But this factor is basic. One may take for granted that the economic system, considered as an engineering blueprint, would

bring about a social revolution. But what do human beings have to do to perform their share of the process? The answer to this question is crucial. If a plausible reply can be given, the way to a living wage is clear, even if it is difficult. If no practical answer can be given, then the ideal of the Popes must await a more enterprising generation.

First among the intensely human problems is the question of competition. In a highly competitive industry wage standards tend toward a common level, often that of the lowest wage set by the most unscrupulous employer. Where the sweat-shop exists, it is extremely hard to keep the general average at anything approaching a decent norm. That is why the Pope calls unrestricted competition a grave abuse threatening the stability of the social order. Where such a condition obtains, regulation is imperative if wage ideals are to be attained. This regulation ordinarily takes one of two forms, control by law or pressure by unions. A strong minimum wage law or a powerful union can effect uniform minimum standards in an industry. They can restrict competition to rivalry in business ability rather than competitive heartlessness toward labor.

State Intervention

THE Church would prefer as an ideal that when possible standards be enforced directly by the interested parties, that is, the unions in conjunction with the employers. But when this is not possible, or when outside help is needed, the State has a positive duty so to direct the economic order that the aims of justice are achieved. This may even mean bankruptcy for a few men who are so inefficient that they cannot run a business without sweating labor. Pope Pius feels that such men do not belong in business.

"If the business makes smaller profit on account of bad management, want of enterprise or out-of-date methods, that is not a just reason for reducing the workingmen's wages. . . . In the last extreme, counsel must be taken whether the business can continue, or whether some other provision should be made for the workers. The guiding spirit in this crucial decision should be one of mutual understanding and Christian harmony between employers and workers." (*Reconstructing the Social Order*).

While the problem of competitive lowering of wages is somewhat difficult, we would be fortunate indeed if it were the only obstacle to complete wage justice. It must be con-

fessed, however, that other more important problems must be solved before one can be sure that men may work in dignity and security. These problems arise in the broad expanses of industry where intense price competition is not commonly found. Most of the great industries of the land are not highly competitive. On the contrary they exhibit a broad degree of centralized control which permits them to follow definitely set prices, and to adhere to these pretty much as they please. In the typewriter industry, for example, there is no competition as to the price of portable machines. Nor is there a great deal of price cutting in other great industries, such as the automobile, steel, tire, glass and even the insurance field.

Where industries are so secure as to allow of such control over the market, they exercise tremendous economic power. They are able to dictate their labor policies. Any position they take concerning labor is deliberate and calculated; they are not forced into it by ruthless competition. This is the most ominous note about the entire situation. While wages in these industries are not as low as those in some highly competitive industries, yet their employment policies are irregular, their conditions of work are often explosively irritating, and finally their price policies are such as retard greatly the functioning of the economic system. This latter point is of particular importance.

Where sovereign economic power is exercised by giant industry, there exists a definite tendency towards high prices and restricted production. That means that the supply of goods available for the needs of the consuming public, including the worker, is gravely restricted. Unless something is done about this point, all the twistings and turnings of labor, all its striving for higher money wages, will be of no avail. The power to set prices is the power to dominate the economic system.

Sick Industries

FINALLY there are the "sick industries" which can be saved by nothing less than a major operation. Some industries are so badly affected by shifts in the public taste, by new forms of competition, and the like, that no ordinary reform measures will suffice to restore them to health. Thus, for example, the soft-coal industry is over-expanded as a result of the War. The subsequent contraction in demand, together with the competition of new forms of fuel, has left many employers on the verge of ruin and 300,000 workers com-

Gardener

By EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

These hands of mine have burrowed in the soil,
Where subtle forces wait the breath of Spring
To rouse the dormant rootlet from its coil,
And turn a seed into a beauteous thing.
These hands of mine have fondled crumbling earth,
And felt the cooling cling of plastic mud;
Have probed within the hidden rooms of birth,
Where life begins for every leaf and bud.

Someone has said: "to labor is to pray."
If that is true my garden is a shrine
Where I make votive offerings every day
To plant and bloom and bush and trailing vine.
Let others tread the path where glory goes,
But let me till the loam which bears a rose.

pletely stranded. Any attempt at paying a living wage in such an industry involves difficult decisions as to sharing capital loss, provisions for rehabilitating workers permanently displaced, and a system for preventing future destructive competition. To do this without injuring the rights of employers, laborers and consumers will require delicate and careful planning and administration. The same technique is needed to solve the railroad and textile problems, to remedy the plight of the farmer as well as in other fields.

It is clear, then, that the attaining of the wage ideal involves the solution of three great economic problems; unregulated competition; concentration of economic power and consequent price domination; and the revival of stricken industries. None of these problems can be solved by labor alone, nor by industry alone. The absence of a genuine co-operative spirit among business men, of a widespread sense of social responsibility and a concern for the rights of the consumer, precludes such action. These problems will become far worse if we persist in the great American tradition of individualism and *laissez-faire*. It seems that the only practicable solution involves some sort of guidance, regulation and supervision by the agency entrusted with the primary right and duty of promoting the general welfare, namely, the sovereign State. It would be preferable if most of these steps should be fostered as far as possible by the parties directly involved. In default of such action, however, the duty of the State seems clear.

If the analysis given above is correct, then the path toward implementing the social encyclicals is obvious. After principles and objectives have been stated, then comes the problem of clear, objective economic study. If this study is complete and thorough, we shall have before us the practical means of realizing the Pope's ideal. After this, our task becomes one of consistency and expediency. If we desire the end, we shall take the necessary means. Practical problems can be solved in the light of experience.

To revert once more to the topic under discussion, a Catholic sincerely seeking the ideal of a living wage can hardly oppose such clearly necessary means as a national minimum wage law, widespread unionization, possibly the practice of family subsidies, and some efforts to break through the impasse caused by industrial concentration and all that goes with it. In working out details there may be genuine disagreement as to the wisdom of certain means. This is quite another thing, however, from the blanket condemnation of all efforts to improve the economic system. This latter practice is an expression of pure individualism, a philosophy severely denounced by the Popes.

Catholics should not appear to be in the position of espousing in theory the teachings of social justice, but nullifying these general professions by opposing or remaining indifferent to all detailed measures of reform. Clear thinking is essential in these matters, or we may be forced to the state where our thinking is done by the propaganda offices of dictators.

Giants in the Pass

By

FRANCIS H. SIBSON

Illustrated by

PAUL KINNEAR



And then, after what seemed aeons, the dreaded footsteps came, stumbling

"WE MIGHT hold them off, but I don't see how we really can—with only eight of us," said the Sergeant, looking rather blankly up at the others. "That's not counting the women, of course—"

"My wife's pretty good with a revolver," demurred Armstrong, "and she says—"

The Sergeant shook his head. "If they once get within revolver range you can take it it's all up," he answered, in a tone of finality that was all the more appalling for its matter-of-fact curtiness.

"Not counting the women," he resumed firmly; "though perhaps they can do something—towards the end—help stop the last rush—with shot-guns . . . I don't like bringing them into it at all, but there's nowhere to leave them, and—well, it's no good blinking the facts, and they may just as well finish up with us in the Pass—"

"My wife doesn't see the use of waiting at home," put in Armstrong again. "If we manage to keep our end up she'll be as safe with us as she would be at home—safer—while

if we don't . . . well, it'll be over the sooner for all of us, and all together," he finished grimly. "She isn't staying behind, anyhow."

"Mine also," added Van der Heever, nodding solemnly.

"Do you think there is really any chance of help coming?" asked Mostert, the bearded man in the corner. "Do you think that Wilson can . . . ?"

"I'm afraid not, Oom Jacob—though you never know. He's a smart young chap, and if anyone can get through he will, and he's got the best horse in the Valley. He won't try the road, of course. They're watching that like cats—"

"I—I found that out this morning," put in little Raines, in an uncertain voice, his hand hovering about his lip. He had tried to get out at the lower end of the Valley, had found the road blocked with boulders, and even as he had turned his car to come back, a bullet had come past his head—with a horrible noise of tearing calico that still echoed savagely in his ears.

The others took no notice of the remark. They had their own ideas

of Raines' motive in trying to "get through" those seventy-odd miles, by the lower road, to Aapies Bridge and its post-office telephone. Certainly, had he succeeded, he would have sent on the little settlement's appeal for help, and after that it would not have been long before the South African Air Force was on the scene from Pretoria—but . . . would he have come back? Once in safety, would he have tried to come back?

NOT that he was likely to be much use to them here. He was an utter muff with a rifle; he would be an utter muff with *any* weapon—especially in emergency. The most recent arrival in the Valley, he had held aloof, after one disastrous attempt to participate, from the frequent hunting parties in the hills. He had hardly entered into the settlement's life at all. All he was good for, they thought with some bitterness, was playing around in that workshop of his, with his useless, childish hobbies; photography, and models, and optical stuff—no pastimes for a pioneer.



among the rocks and pebbles, careless—too careless—of the noise they made

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They would not really have missed him even if he had gone, and won to safety in that frightened dash of his, and stayed away. But there is a sentiment in these things; white men must *not* run away. Wilson was different. On horseback, with seventy miles of difficult country to get through—and the most dangerous part of it in broad daylight—he was even now facing dangers worse than what they themselves would presently meet, because he was facing them alone. That was *not* desertion.

They resented Raines' presence here with them in the Police Post, at this the settlement's last and most desperate council-of-war. They would probably have resented his presence anyway, even if he had not tried to run away. (Of course he *had* tried to run away: the carrying of an appeal for help had been merely secondary with him, an excuse to go.) At the best, he could not pull his weight; and a man who cannot pull his weight is a drag on any beleaguered garrison. Tolerated at ordinary times, he would have been hated now—if there had been

enough of him to hate. But he was too colorless, too much of a non-entity, for that.

"And of course the upper road's simply hopeless," said Armstrong. No one commented on that obvious fact. The upper road—to Jackson's Post, nearly a hundred miles away—twisted right through the centre of the confusion of dry scrub-covered foothills beyond the Pass which led it forth from the Valley's head. It ran into the very heart of the native area—from which had come, to the settlement and all in it, this sudden, deadly menace that its menfolk now tried so forlornly to meet.

IT HAD started with the usual rumors of a Dingaan's Day outbreak, discounted in advance from their very familiarity. There would be nothing in it. There never was anything in it. One heard the yarn every year. No doubt a section of the native people did resent this annual celebration of the Blood River defeat of the Zulu power; but the threats came only from a few hot-heads in the town locations, drunk

on printed Communist seditious that they only half understood, from a few paid agitators here and there (some of them white men) sent out by the same agencies that printed the seditious—for their own ends. The Natives as a whole? No. They were too indifferent, too disunited—too sure, from experience, of the white man's power—to catch a light from such sputtering, tawdry torches as these.

The Day had come and passed, and nothing had happened beyond some sort of an Amalaita row in a Johannesburg slum. The few who had really feared forgot their fears.

And then—to Mostert's Valley—had come the horrible reality, the wolf whose coming had been so often cried . . .

Up in this remote mountain district wherein, oasis-like, the Valley lies, up among the flanks of the main range, in the myriad gullies and miniature dales of its chaotic foothills, there had been many months of drought and famine, and consequent disease for men and beasts. Only the promise of the spring

rains, never known to fail in these highlands, had given the native inhabitants of this stricken region the heart to endure the terrible winter. And then Nature had betrayed them after all.

SEPTEMBER had ended after little more than half the usual rainfall; although they had ploughed their pitiful little patches of lands, stumbling along behind such of the remnants of half-starved oxen as could still pull on the trek-chain, they had sown their corn with little expectation of a crop, and the searing sun and hot winds of November had blasted even that small hope. Starvation faced and drew very close to these hill-folk now; often, on the goat-tracks of the range-side, one found human bones, clean-picked by vultures, mingled among those of the stock which had died—of hunger and of thirst.

The overworked Native Affairs official at Jackson's Post, with a small and hard-pressed staff, had done his utmost to save his people, to impress on a distant and preoccupied government the urgent need of food and funds; but for every family thus saved there must have been twenty who had never even heard the official's native name. The area was too big and transport too difficult, the natives themselves were too suspicious, and hopeless—and many of them actually too weak—to come in to the centres appointed and ask for help.

But the worst stroke of all had been the return of one Johnson Mbala from the fabled city of the Rand. A word-dealer, a silver tongue—who, like most spinners of words, had little idea of realities—he had got into Communist hands, had reacted with most satisfying virulence to their inoculations. . . .

"If it had not been for the white men, who came and stole from us our valley, your sons and your daughters, your goats and your cattle, would not be dying now. The white men have seized the best of the land and left us with the desert. And they think to stop us from demanding back our just rights by doles of water, and a little dry forage, for a few! It is *our* water and *our* forage that they dole to us—as much of it as they do not want for themselves, the robbers! Let us go there and drive them out, and take back what is *ours!*"

There was no one in his assemblies—there so rarely is in such assemblies, anywhere on the disordered planet—to put the other side, to ask these starving, misguided, desperate wretches if they could ever have de-

veloped this Valley as Mostert and his friends had done. Could *they* have built the dam, and engineered the furrows which watered the whole lands from its reservoir? Could *they* have farmed this rich alluvial soil for nearly a quarter of a century—without sucking the very life out of it in half the time? These things they did not think on; if Mbala did, naturally he said nothing of it. In the workings of a mind addled by propaganda and the mere appearance of civilization, he already saw himself as a Bantu Lenin, ruling all this hill-land from his fine house in the Valley. (It was Mostert's house now, but soon it would be his.)

Like most of his breed the world over, he could see no farther than the immediate future. The whites in the Valley were few—only six settlers with their families, and the three policemen. They could be overwhelmed in a night without warning. He did know enough to understand that there must be no warning, no chance of their bringing others in to help them.

Immediate success was too surely in their grasp. It was too easy. The Valley was utterly at their mercy, completely encircled by the hill-country which was so peculiarly and entirely their own. They could cut off all entrance or exit, anywhere, everywhere.

But the surprise had not been complete. It so rarely is in war, in any land, among any people. Lowering looks, loose talk among the women, the fears of loyal servants who have heard warnings and whisperings; these had revealed at least something of the truth a week before Dingaan's Day. Thereupon the Sergeant had taken his two constables and fearlessly patrolled through the worst of the disaffected and seething kraals, telling them in their own language of what must happen should there be violence.

AND then Mbala had done a clever thing. He had put back "the Day," telling his "council" to feign submission, pretending all had been abandoned. He knew that when his hour did strike, the ordinary people, to whom in the meantime the submission was to appear real, would catch fire again quickly enough in their starving despair.

Thus it was that the storm came almost unheralded upon the settlement, after it had been thought to have passed harmlessly by. One day's warning they had, and that was not enough. Even if Constable Wilson got through to Aapies Bridge, it would be too late for reinforcements to come and save the Valley. Even

if Raines had got through by road that morning in his car, the airplanes could hardly have arrived in time to avert the threatened attack.

"They won't come before night," summed up the Sergeant now. "We'll take food and water and hold the Nek as long as we can. It's all we can do, and that's little enough. They'll certainly try to come at us first through the Pass, but when they find we're defending it there's nothing to stop 'em getting into the Valley anywhere, over the hills, and coming up the Pass behind us and taking us in the rear."

Mostert grunted in agreement. "The Nek is a good place," he said. "It is very narrow, and we can hold it at both ends, at the same time, back to back if need comes. They cannot even roll stones on us from above."

IT WAS this fact which made the Nek almost unique as a place of defense. Swirling through it in the floods of unnumbered centuries, the river had actually undercut the walls on both sides, so that anything flung or rolled from above could fall only in the centre of the river's bed. Under the overhanging side-walls they would be safe from missiles, while still able to command the broadening Pass, as from a loophole, either upstream or down. As the Sergeant had said (though it was a hope almost of sheer desperation) they *might* be able to do such execution in the ranks of the attackers as would bid them pause.

And it could not be long, if Wilson got through, before the truth would be known at Pretoria—and then the airplanes would come. It all depended on Wilson. If he failed, then it might be a week before even Aapies Bridge learned of what had happened, and by then it would be too late to send help to the Nek. Their water would not last as long. The river was dry with the long drought, and there could be no reaching the valley dam for water, with Mbala in possession there. They would have to do with what they could take with them now, in the three water-carts—and three water-carts would not last long among a score of people.

There were the Sergeant and his young wife and baby; Oosthuizen, the remaining constable at the post; Mostert and his daughter (his wife was dead now, and his two sons gone out to live their own lives in the world); Van der Heever had a wife and three young children; there was Armstrong, and his wife, the revolver-shot, a lean, middle-aged woman, tough as cord and quite

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without fear, really as good as a man if only they had had a rifle for her; Raines, the undersized, unmanly weakling, of less use even than little Miss Harvey, the school-teacher who had come to stay with the Armstrongs for the summer holidays; and finally there was poor old Van Niekerk, practically a paralytic now, with Mrs. Meyer, his widowed sister, to look after him, and her four boys—the eldest of whom was only eleven.

"**W**E WILL take my two old treks," said Mostert, "for the women and the children. They have tents, and it will be hot in the Nek tomorrow."

He knew, as he spoke, that there was little chance of any of them living to feel tomorrow's heat, and they all knew it; but no one pointed it out. Instead they arranged details of food and transport, each putting in his quota from what he had at home; they decided to start the trek at five, from the Mostert homestead, so that they would be in position at the Nek by sunset, and ready—as ready as they could be—for the expected night assault. Then they dispersed, leaving the Sergeant still sitting in his official chair, his two elbows on the table and his head between his hands. He saw no hope. And half an hour later there came a sound of hoofs outside, and he looked out, and saw a horse, riderless, its saddle covered with dried blood. Wilson's horse, and Wilson's blood. He had failed, then, and had paid for his failure.

Well, he was the forerunner, the advance-guard. They were all doomed now. Even if they survived the native attack they would die of thirst up at the Nek long before their plight could be known and succor sent them. For a moment he doubted the wisdom of his forlorn plan. Would it not be better, after all, to make their stand in the homestead by the dam? But no—they would be in the open there; they could be rushed from all sides; the dam would be just as unattainable.

* * * *

"Where's Raines?"

They were all ready, there in the big outspan beside the road, in front of Mostert's kraal—all except Raines and his car. Of him there was no sign, and the road down the valley could be seen for miles.

"He's late."

"He's not coming."

"Taken to the hills by himself," thought Armstrong in disgust, "hidden himself away. Just what I expected . . ."

"Well . . . he wouldn't have been much use . . . anyway," said the Sergeant unhappily, for with him it went against the grain to condemn anyone unheard. "We can't wait."

So they trekked. And in due time they reached the Nek, a forbidding place, where the river and the road were squeezed between great rock-masses, so narrowly that it was almost a tunnel. On either side of the Nek the Pass broadened; and upstream, after a hundred yards or so, it turned almost at right angles to the left, so that anyone approaching from that direction saw before him a



great cliff rearing smooth and almost sheer, apparently barring all passage—until he came close, and saw the bend in the way, and the cleft beyond.

THEY made their simple dispositions. Mostert's car stood facing up the road, headlamps ready to illumine the enemy the moment their foremost figures appeared, but darkened now in waiting. Van der Heever was to look after the other way of approach, the way by which they had come, just in case the natives were already sending a party round over the hills and into the Valley, to take them in the rear. But it was not thought that this was likely. Mbala would not expect to find the Nek defended at all: he would suppose that they waited for him within the stone walls of Mostert's house, if anywhere.

There was cover to be had here

from many weathered boulders—they could retreat from place to place, backing towards the wagons, where they would make their final stand. Camped now, they ate their evening meal together, rather silently, the eyes of husband and wife meeting often above the children's heads. They were to pay the age-old penalty of the pioneer, the penalty of isolation, the price that all of them had known might have to be paid when they came here to dwell; but of later years it had been forgotten, as people forgot who live under sleeping volcanos. Now, in this last supper, it had come home to them again.

THE Sergeant sent forth outpost scouts—his constable upstream, Van der Heever down. The remainder settled themselves, as far as doomed men ever can, to rest. The children slept, thinking it a picnic. . . .

The hours passed, draggily. Mid-night came. Once or twice they heard a quiet, stifled crying from the tented wagons. It is hard for a woman to sit silent, waiting beside her sleeping young, for such a finish. But the minutes went ebbing on, and added themselves into hours; and the men sat hunched over their rifles, racked in their agony of suspense, straining eyes and ears for the first telltale sounds of footfalls which would warn them of the return of Oos-thuizen or Van der Heever—with news of the end which trod on their heels. At last they were almost praying

for the thing to begin; they could not much longer bear this torture of waiting.

And then, after what seemed aeons, the dreaded footsteps came, stumbling among the rocks and pebbles, careless—too careless—of the noise they made.

"Who goes there?" snapped the Sergeant, his voice a little throaty and uncertain after long silence.

"It's all right," came the amazing answer, almost in a shout, with an undertone of awe in it. "It's all right, everybody!" repeated Constable Oos-thuizen. "They're not coming! I—I—I saw them coming—heard them—and then . . . well . . . then . . ." He broke off, began again. "I can't believe it myself. It's—it's—I've got to tell you, and I don't know how. For God's sake, give me a cigarette!"

There was an excited hail of eager questions, astounded exclamations; someone struck a match, and in the

light of it they looked at each other, in their eyes a gleaming as of corpses returned to life, here in this gloomy canyon of the hills. The match died down. They grouped close around the glow of the constable's cigarette, bright and dim in alternation as he drew and exhaled.

"I do not know—how to begin," he stammered again. "It was—like a miracle. I cannot believe—not my own eyes, I cannot!"

"Take your time," said the Sergeant steadily. "Someone light the fire and make coffee. It must be nearly dawn!"

So, to the crackle and blaze of the fire, the constable told his story.

"I went out beyond the turn," he said, "and climbed up that little randje on the right of the road. From there I could see the road in the starlight, and the air was very still, and I could hear anything that came. The cliff was behind me.

"I waited, I think, for more than five hours. Waited for them to come. And then I heard them coming, very many, but a long way off. So I started to come back down the road, to tell you. And then I stopped. For in front of me there was light. A light that was very dim, and strange."

"Light?" burst in the Sergeant. "What sort of light? We lit no light!"

"No, it did not come from the Nek at all. It came from the face of the cliff, in front of me. . . . It was as if the whole krantz—shone. . . . Dim, as I say, but it shone. A—a sort of gray, like moonlight on the rock—but there was no moon, I told myself, so it could not be that.

"And *they* had seen it too. I heard a kind of murmur, and turned round to listen better, and I think they had stopped already, and asked each other what it was, this light in front of them, on the krantz. And then, very quickly after that, I heard them shout—in fear. They shouted and then they were still, and I heard one voice only—I think it was Mbalala himself, and he told them they must not fear, that it was only a trick of the white man—but they would not listen, and then of a sudden they ran. Ran away. In panic. I could hear them running, for they did not care how they ran. So I turned round again and I looked at the krantz—and I knew why they ran. I nearly ran also, at first.

"There were men—on that krantz. Walking on the face of it, like—like giant flies. Very faint in the light—but men. Tremendous men. And very many.

"And then I sat down in the road,

and I put my hand over my mouth; and I simply rolled on the ground. Because I dared not laugh, for they might hear me—and, oh, how I wanted to laugh!"

He paused, chuckling; threw his cigarette-stub away. They waited in spellbound silence.

they'll attack again. At least, none of them will come near the Pass at night now . . ."

Raines stood there looking about him timidly, as if apologetic for the trouble to which he was putting them. He seemed quite unconscious of the heroic part he had played in the rescue of the entire group. It made him more self-conscious than usual to be so evidently the centre of attention, and also of admiration.

Armstrong coughed and arose suddenly. "Look here, young man!" he began, hoarsely and in blundering tones, stepping up, hand outstretched, to that drooping, uninspiring little figure. "You just put it there! I reckon you and that—little machine of yours . . . What film did you put on? How in the name of all that's wonderful did you happen to have—?"

"It was—the Trooping of the Color one. The show I saw a couple of years ago in Durban. And as I say, I thought perhaps it might be some good. They aren't very civilized yet, you know, and . . . well . . . with that cliff for a screen—the only job was to find a place for the projector, and get the car-batteries and things up there, and work out and fix up the right arrangement of lenses and so on to make it carry the extra distance. The result wasn't up to much—"

"*You thought it might be some good—perhaps!*" repeated Armstrong, in a hushed tone. "So you went out there, by yourself, slap into their line of advance, beyond all hope of help from anyone if they saw you, and—"

"But there wasn't anything else I could do," stammered Raines, as if in self-defense against some accusation. "You see, I'm no good with a rifle, and—"

"But how did you get there?" demanded the Sergeant. "Hang it all, you didn't go out through the Pass, or we'd have seen you."

"Oh—I climbed over—I didn't go by the road—I was afraid they'd be watching the head of the Pass, and might see me when I came out, and then it would have been no good."

"You climbed over—with a car-battery and all your stuff?"

"Well, it had to be done," explained Raines simply.

"But why didn't you tell us you were going—?"

The little man shook his head, and gulped, and hesitated.

"I—I don't know. I can't—tell you," he got out, and sat down.

But they understood—and were ashamed.



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The Coming of the Fourth Reich



European Photo

Hitler reviews his troops. The army may be used for the creation of a Fourth Reich

Fear Haunts Europe and the World That Hitler Will, By Peaceful or Warlike Measures, Create a Vast Fourth Reich in Central Europe

By DANUBICUS

THE Nazis' absorption of Austria has completed the process of unifying purely German-speaking territories. Danzig, the Saar and Austria are ethnographically parts of the compact mass of the Teutonic area. But the situation of those Germans whose protectorate Hitler has officially proclaimed is different. In Bohemia they are closely intermixed with their Slav masters. There are Czech "pockets" in the Sudetenland just as there are German islands in the Slav interior and numerous islets in the whole elongated eastern half of the Republic.

Aside from these 3,500,000 Germans in Czechoslovakia there are considerable German colonies in all the other states east of Germany. Hungary has

600,000, Yugoslavia 750,000, Rumania 850,000 and Poland 1,300,000 living in widely dispersed agricultural communities. These additional 3,500,000 "orphans" are just as much under the watchful eye of the Great Protector as the other 3,500,000 in Czechoslovakia. To attach them to the compact ethnic territory of the Third Reich would be difficult, for in this case the Nazi state would lose its homogeneous German character. Millions of non-German races would be incorporated in it and the idea of the racial state based on pure German "nordic" blood and German soil would be sacrificed. The theory of pure race, blood and soil is too fundamental an element in the whole makeup of the Nazi ideology to be

dropped overnight for such a reason. Evidently, then, the problem of the German minorities in Czechoslovakia in particular and in Eastern Europe in general can form no part of the building process of the "one people, one reich." That process has been completed with the recent *Anschluss* of Austria. With the plebiscite of April 10, the curtain fell at the end of an act in the Nazi drama. A new act is being prepared and Germany is entering the Fourth Reich. Such are the indications at the present moment.

It has often been said that history repeats itself. The idea of the Fourth Reich might indeed be considered as the realization of old dreams cherished among Germans ever since Bismarck founded the First Reich. They



In black: Germany before Hitler's rise to power in 1933

were called *Drang Nach Osten* before the World War and *Mitteleuropa* during the World War. Some called them "Berlin to Baghdad." Hitler in his *Mein Kampf* devotes pages to the idea of the eastward march—in short this conception of the eastward expansion is the "manifest destiny" of the Germans. It has actually been a steady historic process dating back to the Middle Ages which has left its imprint on the ethnographical map of Europe. It is a sort of proverb

among the Germans east of the fatherland that, starting from the eastern marches, riding on a horse-drawn wagon, one can sleep every night in a German village as far as the Black Sea.

These scattered racial brothers are all now, since the spectacular events in Austria, in the midst of that violent transformation which makes Germans forget their eternal partisan quarrels and unites them in a proud racial consciousness. In the

eastward march all these widespread settlements can easily become the seven-league boots of the Nazi giant. At any rate, the pretext to protect them might become the entering wedge for the Nazi state which will open up wide avenues for an economic, political, military and ideological penetration of the swastika into this vast region, twice as large as the Third Reich itself. Will the Nazis act?

The ease with which Germany was able to absorb Austria despite all the threats, protestations and treaties of Europe has glaringly brought out that the international situation is excellent for such a penetration. Therefore we may expect the Nazis to get busy making imperial hay while the sun of international possibilities is shining so brightly for them. The question is only how will they proceed? Let us examine, therefore, in all their aspects, Germany's chances of building a Fourth Reich. We shall find that conditions in eastern Europe have never been so favorable to turning the Teutonic manifest destiny into a historic reality.

Among the many factors so inviting to the Nazis the Jewish problem is next in importance to that of the German minorities. Not the Jewish problem of Germany but that of eastern Europe which is so little known. For anti-Semitism within Germany proper has created a new Dreyfuss Affair of world-wide dimensions focussing all attention upon itself. In the meantime, in the din of *J'accuse!* thundered from all parts of the world against Hitler and his perish-the-Jew policy, an important sociological development in the eastern countries has been completely lost from view.

When Wilson proclaimed the idea of self-determination and then left its execution in central Europe to the French, a number of national states were created with the intention of strengthening the position of France by creating new allies for her and weakening the position of Germany by crushing her former allies. Everything was subordinated to this consideration of the French balance of power, and the large units formerly spreading over this part of Europe have been cut up into numerous small parts. The inhabitants of the new national states are mostly primitive rural folk with very little middle-class element of their own nationality.

Trade and industry in this vast region stretching from Lithuania down to Bulgaria has always been the monopoly of the Jew. On the other hand, the aristocracy, the



In black: Germany today. Shaded area: These countries may become incorporated in a Fourth Reich through political and economic domination, or even military power. Notice how this would open the road to the Ukraine

Maps by Stephen Nolan

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higher middle class and the white collar element belonged more or less to Russian, German or Austro-Hungarian nationals who ruled up to 1918. They were quickly destroyed, uprooted or assimilated. When finally these new nations emerged from the chaotic conditions of the immediate postwar period they were suffering from an acute shortage of middle-class and upper middle-class leaders. The demand for educated men and women suddenly became enormous. The anomalies created by this discrepancy in supply and demand of educated elements produced situations which in their tragicomical aspects attained legendary proportions. Since emergency knows no laws, standards were quickly lowered and soon a veritable rush for white collar jobs was

possibilities of expanding in other fields.

In the schools established under the watchwords of a jingoistic self-determination these young men have been imbued to an appalling degree with national intolerance. The new doctrines coming from the Third Reich since the great depression have only increased their fanaticism. Their nationalism gradually gave way to racialism of their own local hue and pattern. The bitter struggle for existence and survival—not necessarily of the fittest—continuously fanned the flames of intolerance against anything that could be construed as non-conformism

Clemenceauian balance of power.

Among the 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 members of minority groups living within this area there are about 5,000,000 Jews. The non-Jewish minority elements are now almost exclusively peasants, since by this time they have been driven out of every other social or economic position or have been assimilated. But the Jew with his unparalleled genius for adjustment still manages to hold his own in business, industry, and the free professions.



The entire life of the German people has been made subservient to the creation of a powerful military machine

European Photo

on its way on the part of elements of the population whose collars, if they ever had any, were anything but white.

With education at such a high premium schools of all kinds shot up like mushrooms after a heavy summer rain. Today the number of unemployed people with regular standard diplomas in their pockets runs into the thousands among all these small nations. Now the golden days of 1919-20 are completely reversed. The supply is enormous but the demand is nil. All government jobs are taken, and since the civil service in all these states is grossly overdeveloped, a further increase in white collar positions is out of the question. Small wonder then that these unemployed have turned toward other directions and have examined the

to the national or racial idea. The smallness of these new national states made economic development on large lines impossible. Still less were the chances for integration into a higher economic unit on an international co-operative or federal basis. The craze for national autarchy was too great for that. In consequence the pressure of this white collar development exerted itself exclusively on internal lines and the victims are now the innumerable minority groups. Such are the results of the unhappy wedlock of the idealistic but unpractical Wilsonian self-determination, and the unpractical and equally unidealistic

And for the hungry legions of the intellectual unemployed these seem now to be the only positions still left unconquered within the national or racial state. The German example inspires them to determined action. We have had an opportunity, in the case of the astonishing Goga experiment in Rumania, to observe to what absurdities this economic and psychological situation can lead.

These facts are well known to the general reading public from recent news dispatches from that country.

Conditions in the other national states are the same. If there are differences they are in degree and not in kind. These states have all tried and are still trying hard to solve the Jewish problem. But the economic difficulties are raising an enormous barrier. To face the responsibilities attendant upon a solution of this problem, and to survive the crisis which would inevitably follow in its wake, form a task which is far beyond the power of the individual national state. But with all the individual cases helped and co-ordinated by Germany, the process might take place without serious difficulties. Putting herself above their international quarrels, Germany might be able to combine their resources and conduct the highly complicated economic and social process of liquidating five million Jews quite smoothly. Catastrophes like the one created by Goga's experiments can be avoided if the strings are pulled by the experts of Schacht and Keitel. If painful episodes should happen during the long operation, the opening of so many new jobs taken away from Jews and given to others would serve as a soothing anaesthetic. Of course, the distribution of spoils will be directed from the point of view of Nazi interests. New deals are everywhere run on the same basis.

What will become of these unfortunate five million Jews? Will they go through a new Babylonian captivity? Will they face a new diaspora; or will the gates of a new Canaan open for them?

IN REVIEWING the possibilities of German empire building in eastern Europe a third factor must be considered. This is the principle which, in combination with the French balance of power, created such a havoc in Europe in 1919. By a skilful manipulation of the principle of self-determination, much of the remaining power of resistance to German expansion among these national states can be undermined, weakened and finally crushed, without resorting to the actual application of force. Not only the German minorities must be considered here but all the other national minorities. Their problems form such a maze of claims and counterclaims that it would take volumes to describe them all.

One of them was brought to the attention of the world recently when Poland "settled" the Vilna question with Lithuania. Of course, this desperate step has not healed the open sore on Poland's northern frontier any more than her treaty of non-aggression, concluded with Germany

in 1934, has eliminated the question of the Corridor. Many other open sores, like Hungarian irredentism, the problem of Croatia, Macedonia, Bessarabia and Transylvania, will continue to exist and offer splendid opportunities for a skilful empire builder to play off one party against the other. In other words, this whole region, created by the Paris peace treaties, now forms an ideal ground whereon to apply with the utmost success the eternal formula of imperialism *divide et impera*.

LAST but not least, among the factors facilitating the building of the Fourth Reich, is Germany's four-year plan. The hunger of the Nazi state for raw materials defies description. Her labor shortage is also enormous. On the other hand, the surplus of raw materials among these national states is immense and agricultural unemployment staggering. Under such circumstances what is more logical and natural than the coming of a vast process of *Gleichschaltung*?

Can the little national states resist it? They are all in the throes of terrible economic, social and political crises which are only insufficiently covered over by their military and semi-military dictatorships. By the skilful use of economic strangulation, political intrigue, championing of minority rights, ideological penetration, in short by the application of all the above-mentioned factors and different *ersatz* varieties of them, Germany can find innumerable loopholes through which she can loosen up the never-too-solid fabric of these national organisms and then bind them separately to her own vast military-economic system. If one method should fail the other might succeed; combined they will exert an irresistible pressure.

In summing up we may say that the protection of the German minorities does not necessarily form the most necessary element in this penetration. In the western half of Czechoslovakia where, after all, they do constitute a considerable part of the population, their "protection" might become the major issue. But where they form only scattered agricultural settlements their problems may be relegated to the background since much larger gains can be made if the German minority problem is not pressed too hard by the Nazis.

The definite abandonment of the South Tyrol, which was sentimentally the most coveted of all the German irredentas, shows that the Führer does not hesitate if large diplomatic or military gains justify small sacrifices. The 3,500,000 Ger-

mans outside of Czechoslovakia might be used as an entering wedge and then dropped again. But if the theory of their "protection" is maintained, then the only solution of the German and all the other minority problems will be the creation of a large economic unit within which the individual nationalities can find a wide measure of cultural autonomy which may include all their scattered and intermixed parts, pockets and islands. Among themselves these innumerable nationalities can have *commercium et connubium*; above them, however, will rule the *pax Germanica* of the Fourth Reich.

Can the great powers of western Europe prevent the Nazis from realizing their old dream of eastern penetration? The future is of course unpredictable. But it is difficult to stop the course of peaceful penetration where conditions are so highly favorable. Like Morocco in 1904-1911, eastern Europe cannot avoid being gradually encroached upon by a great and powerful nation led by ambitious and capable men. There might be a number of new "Moroccan Crises" which would give the hitherto aimless drifting of Europe toward a new catastrophe a definite direction, just as the former Moroccan and Balkan crises did. But otherwise the logical course of events cannot be changed. The German attack upon the "London-Paris axis" created in 1904 was successfully withheld in 1905 and actually beaten back in 1906. The Rome-Berlin axis so far has been exposed to no great strain, though England is trying hard to weaken it. Whether she will succeed remains a moot question. We can say for sure, however, that in 1905 as in 1938 the principal factor was and is the weakness of Russia. At the present time there are no indications that Russia will soon be in a position to exert any powerful influence on Germany. As long as the creeping paralysis of Russia remains, Germany can undisturbedly continue building the Fourth Reich.

CAN the great colonial powers do something? Can they induce the Nazis to confine themselves to the boundaries of their overcrowded Third Reich in exchange for a handsome colonial grant? It is highly questionable whether England would make such sacrifices in order to save the satellites of France. The most likely colonial event will be that the Little Entente will become Germany's new colonies, and the Great Entente, faithfully carrying out their "mandates" over the old German colonies, will shrink into the insignificance of a new Little Entente.

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Christopher Dawson

By F. J. SHEED

Christopher Dawson is one of the greatest living Catholic scholars and authors. For wideness of range and depth of penetration, his works are unexcelled and perhaps unequalled by those of any contemporary. The following study of Dawson as a historian, and the discussion of his diagnosis of the present which will appear next month, have both received his personal approval as a faithful interpretation of his thought. The Editors of THE SIGN are happy to announce that contributions from the pen of this great writer will soon appear in this magazine.



Christopher Dawson in his study

IN WHAT I shall write of Christopher Dawson I shall keep to the essentials, and even then it is difficult to be brief. For Dawson is more like a movement than a man. His influence with the non-Catholic world is of a kind that no modern Catholic has yet had, both for the great number of fields in which it is felt and for the intellectual quality of those who feel it. If he has not yet attained the multitudinous public, his position is unique among the learned. And what is true of the non-Catholic world is true also of the Catholic. Everyone who lectures or writes as a Catholic on sociology bears the Dawson imprint.

What I have just said of the diversity of fields in which he is effective might lead to the idea that there is in his own mind a lack of unifying principle and a consequent tendency to have a shot at everything. As a matter of fact, the secret of Dawson's range is in his intense concentration. His teaching has been a matter of long slow prep-

aration. Born in 1889, he took his degree at Oxford in 1912 and proceeded to a further fifteen years of study before his first book, *The Age of the Gods*, appeared. As early as his Oxford days, he had found his central theme—the relation of sociology and religion; and in the years between he has never strayed from it. In modern times it would be hard to match a concentration so intense. But precisely because of this theme, no field of human action could be left unexplored, for man always and everywhere is man; therefore is a social animal and a religious animal; therefore, in his own conduct, is a bit of evidence as to the relation between the two.

His main preoccupation being thus defined, how has he gone about the study upon which an answer must be based? Here we are faced with two processes. Dawson is a plain historian studying the facts of history to see what he can learn from them about the laws of history. He is also a theologian studying the facts of Revelation to see

what he can learn from them about God's purpose for humanity. It has been his astonishing success to harmonize his two sets of discoveries so that what he learns from the one sheds light upon what he learns from the other. But he never confuses the two. When he is studying history he writes history; when he is studying revelation he writes theology. It is the conclusions thus legitimately attained that he brings together in a synthesis which does violence to neither but enriches both.

Consider him first as a historian. Simply as such, he comes to the conclusion that religion is the dynamic element in culture. Now it would be very easy for a believer to start with this assumption—or even to establish it by a consideration of the nature of man and of the nature of God—and then proceed to read history in the light of it. Dawson as a believer might well have done so and there would have been nothing illicit in such a proceeding. In fact, he did the reverse; he studied his-

tory to see what he could find in it.

And when I say he studied history, I mean that he made it a first principle that no part of history must be excluded and that no partial explanations must be accepted. As to the first, consider what he writes in *Enquiries Into Religion and Culture* (page 67):

Any general theory of progress must take account of the organic development of [all] these cultures [European, Islamic, Indian and Chinese] no less than the material and scientific advance of modern civilization during the last four centuries.

And this with him is no idle boast, for he has studied all four and on all of them he has been able to shed light useful even to the men who have specialized in one or another. His memory is amazing; and this combination of width of reading and tenacity of memory gives him a power of comparing over wide areas and of relating each new-learned fact to a total picture of world history. And this matter, though I have no time to develop it here, is of immense value. It is, as someone has said, the mark of the barbarian to be knocked down by facts. A fact can be catastrophic to the mind which has no framework in which to place and so dominate it.

THE close study of history thus widely regarded has led him to certain conclusions. He sees cultures as moved and sustained and developed by the four elements—race, place, work, religion. As against those who would isolate one of these to the contempt of the others—as Marx isolates work and Hitler race—he insists on all four. And this, not by any scaling down of the influence of each, but by a grasp of that influence as keen and clear as that of those who would choose out one alone for deification. But having paid full tribute to the influence of race, place and work, he is forced to the conclusion that religion dominates them all.

Thus he writes of the four great civilizations we have just mentioned:

Each of these cultures possesses a spiritual tradition of its own which gives it an internal unity. . . . As long as a spiritual tradition of this kind controls a civilization, the latter possesses an inner unity such as we see in Europe during the medieval period, or in India during the age of the Guptas. As soon as it begins to decline the civilization itself undergoes a process of rapid social change.

This law which he finds in the four greatest cultures he finds universally in all cultures whatsoever:

The conception of civilization as the social expression of the divine law . . . lies at the base of all the great historic civilizations of the world; and without it no civilization has ever maintained its stability and permanence . . . Sumer and Egypt, Confucian China, Vedic India, Zoroastrian Persia, Greece, Israel.

THIS influence of religion he sees as energizing not simply in what may be called the spiritual sphere, but in every sphere of human activity. Thus he writes in *Enquiries Into Religion and Culture* (page 97-8):

Men did not learn to control the forces of nature, to make the earth fruitful and to raise flocks and herds as a practical task of economic organization in which they relied on their own enterprise and hard work. They viewed it rather as a religious rite by which they co-operated as priests in the great cosmic mystery of the fertilization and growth of nature. . . . It is even possible that agriculture and the domestication of animals were exclusively religious in their beginnings.

There are bound, in the case of any such law, to be points at which it is seen more clearly visible than the normal. To three such points of intense visibility—the continuance of Israel, the rise of Christianity, and the revolution wrought by Mohammed—Dawson returns again and again. Thus:

The record of Israel is in itself a remarkable refutation of the materialistic interpretation of history. . . . All other great religions are linked with some great civilization. . . . Israel alone had no great tradition of material culture behind it. It was an insignificant people that occupied a territory no larger than Wales, a people that was neither rich nor powerful nor highly civilized. And yet it produced the greatest spiritual revolution that the world has known and has had a far greater influence on history than the powerful empires which surrounded it and seemed again and again about to destroy it. (*Religion and the Modern State*, p. 16).

To the ordinary educated man looking out on the world in A.D. 33 . . . the attempts of the government to solve the economic crisis by a policy of free credit to producers must have seemed far more promising than the

doings of the obscure group of Jewish fanatics in an upper chamber at Jerusalem. (*Religion and the Modern State*, p. 118).

The experience of Mohammed in the cave of Mount Hira, when he saw human life as transitory as the beat of a gnat's wing in comparison with the splendor and power of the Divine unity, has shaped the existence of a great part of the human race ever since. . . . A new attitude to life, which first arose in the arid plateau of Arabia, transformed the lives and social organization of the Slavonic mountaineers of Bosnia, the Malay pirate of the East Indies, the highly civilized city-dwellers of Persia and Northern India, and the barbarous negro tribes of Africa. (*Sampler*, p. 11).

All these and a score of similar passages illustrate the principle he lays down in *Enquiries Into Religion and Culture* (page 70):

A different view of reality, different moral and aesthetic values, make a different world.

THIS truth, which is evidenced in the spiritual vigor of a civilization growing to maturity, is equally evidenced in the spiritual decline of a society incapable of maintaining its existence:

As the vision fades, society is left to itself with no faith or hope to sustain it and man is brought once again face to face with the vanity of human existence and the worthlessness of human achievement. (*Religion and the Modern State*, p. 125).

This much he learns from studying history simply as a historian properly studies it. And one other thing emerges also—though it is more difficult to state in a sentence, or indeed in any number of sentences, exactly what this is. As he turns from one civilization to another, the conviction grows steadily upon him that these are not individual things to be studied in themselves, or even in their relations to each other as this phrase is normally understood. They are rather to be seen as "part of a world-movement the reality of which it is impossible to doubt."

In other words, world history really is world history and not simply a massing together of the histories of individual peoples. Beyond this the historian could not go. He may sense a power moving behind or beneath the surface of history: he may be forced inescapably to conclude that history could not be what it is unless some such

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power were actually in operation; but of the nature of this supra-historical power, history itself cannot tell him. If he is to know of what sort it is and to what goal it is moving, he must turn elsewhere.

This brings us to what we saw earlier as the second branch of his study—the Revelation of God as to the purpose of the human race. Dawson's equipment in this matter is quite unlike that of any comparable living historian. He is saturated with Scripture. In the Old Testament, he has read and re-read the Prophets, meditated and re-meditated the Covenant between God and His people. In the New Testament, he dwells especially on the Gospels, upon the teaching of St. Paul and most singularly—as it would seem to the average professor of history—on the Apocalypse.

He has made a study of the Fathers of the Church, above all of St. Augustine, whose age he sees as "marking the failure of the greatest experiment in secular civilization that the world has ever seen." And his references to the great dogmas of original sin, grace, and the Mystical Body are those of a man to whom these dogmas are absolutely part of the normal furniture of his mind. He is not simply, as any Catholic might be, aware that these dogmas are taught by the Church and therefore true; he has meditated upon them so much that when he thinks of man at all, he thinks of him in the light of these dogmas—he is unable to think of the human race at all without thinking of it as fallen, redeemed and meant for incorporation with Christ.

All this obviously must have an enormous effect upon his synthesis of history. Historians are of many kinds. On the lowest level is the fact-collector, digging in original sources with the one overwhelming purpose of finding out exactly what happened. He is absolutely necessary; the great work of history could not go on without him; but he is not a great historian at all. He is the hewer of wood and drawer of water for minds richer than his own.

ABOVE him and using his labors are the artists—Gibbon, Macaulay, Belloc. With the materials he provides, the artists construct those great historical pictures which move the minds of men through their imaginations. They are luckier than the fact-collectors, for the fact-collector is bound to be superseded by some other of his own kind who collects more facts or overthrows the facts which the first man thought

he had established; and even if he is not superseded, he has little fame in life and is not remembered. The artists, however, can neither be superseded nor forgotten, precisely because a work of art has its own life principles internal to itself and independent of the hazards of research.

Beside the artists are the philosophers of history, concerned to find the unifying principles in human action. These men, if they be great enough, make revolutions. Of them all, none has made more revolutions or greater than Hegel.

BUT even above the philosophers there come what can only be called the theologians of history. St. Augustine was one such. They are like the philosophers in that their search is for governing principles; but there is this difference between the philosopher and the theologian, a difference operative in history as in all other fields—that the philosopher is confined to what his own mind can discover in the facts of history themselves; whereas the theologian can turn to the Revelation of God for light. Both are men trying to understand a story but the theologian has the advantage of the philosopher in this—that in his effort to get at the meaning of the story, he has consulted its Author.

In discussing the first side of Dawson's activity as a student of history we saw him as a philosopher of the type of Hegel. We are now considering him as the theologian, of the type of St. Augustine. (In neither instance am I trying to institute a comparison, or suggest that Dawson is the equal of either Augustine or Hegel. He may very well be the equal of either of them, but it would require a greater than I to establish this and in any case it is not my concern here. I am not measuring Dawson's stature but defining the type to which he belongs).

I have already suggested that if there is a God and a Revelation of God, the theologian of history has an enormous advantage over the mere philosopher. He knows the beginning of the story, which the philosopher cannot know because history does not tell it. And he knows the end of the story. Where others think of mankind simply as going on and on and on—and perhaps ultimately and accidentally off; where the philosopher of history is overwhelmingly certain that humanity is making towards some goal but is reduced to guessing what that goal is; the theologian *knows* what the goal is, the perfect com-

pleteness of the Mystical Body of Christ. And just as he is more certain of the relation of man to God in the beginning and end of history, so he knows of it in all that lies between. He is not deceived by what Dawson describes as:

The world of man apart from God, the world of the human animal, the accumulated result of the forces of lust and fear and pride and self-interest that drive mankind down the bloody road of history. (*Religion in the Modern State*, p. 116).

From St. Augustine's *City of God* he has learnt of the "two loves that built two cities"; applying this principle, he finds no fact of history that does not gain new light from it. The world has "a long history in which the opposition and tension between the two social principles represented by the Church and the World repeat themselves successively in new forms." (*Religion and the Modern State*, p. 80).

It is precisely because of this action of God in history that those who envisage only the human actors are constantly deceived. If none but human factors had to be considered, then history would be Bedlam—so utterly unrelated to the causes that appear are the effects that actually flow from them.

AFURTHER consequence of this is that there is no such thing as a desperate situation. No matter how the causes that appear may seem to be shaping, no matter how inevitable may appear the issue of any given situation, there is always the possibility that the causes which do not appear may alter everything. In *Religion and the Modern State*, we further read:

The house of the world seems closed and guarded; its masters have no rival left to fear. But suddenly the wind of the spirit blows and everything is changed. . . . The mystery of the Cross reverses the material values of history and gives a new meaning to victory and defeat.

Thus we see how the conclusion that Dawson derives from the study of history—that religion as men hold it is the dynamic element in culture—is lifted up and explained by the teaching of revelation that God Himself, the object of man's religion, is the power behind all the chances and changes of life.

NOTE: Next month the author will discuss "Christopher Dawson and the Present Crisis."

Spanish Church and the Worker

Contrary to Popular Opinion, the Church in Spain Has Led the Way in Promoting Social Reform, Often in Spite of the Opposition of So-Called Liberals

By P. H. YANCEY, S.J.

EVER since the civil war in Spain broke out it has been the custom of our controlled press to assign as one of the causes of the war the leaguing together of the Church with the nobility and the wealthy against the Spanish working class. We expect that, because we know that the word has been sent down the line to "smear" the Catholic Church. But we were not prepared for the same sort of accusation from our own Catholic publications. Yet that is exactly what has happened in some quarters, much to the delight of the leftists. In an effort to appear broad-minded the writers bend over backward and supply the opponents of the Church with some prized ammunition.

Thus, some time ago I had occasion to correct a professor in a state institution on some statements he made about the Church in Spain in the course of a lecture on the Spanish civil war. Imagine my surprise when he quoted among his authorities two well-known Catholic periodicals. Though I knew from personal observation during two years' residence in Spain that the articles in question were not in accord with the facts, nevertheless I decided to look into the written record to see whether history lent any support to the blanket accusation of nonfeasance, if not of malfeasance, on the part of the Spanish Church toward the worker.

The following were some of the things I discovered without having to go to much trouble. Much more could be found with a little effort.

The first written records we have on this subject date from the Middle Ages. These show that the Spanish workers, like those of other European countries, were organized into *gremios* or guilds, which were semi-religious organizations for the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of their members. Ecclesiastics not only conducted religious exercises for them but also guided them in economico-social questions and served as peacemakers between employers and employees, for there were strikes even then.

In modern times Spanish churchmen led the way in proposing social legislation to better the lot of the workers. Thus, in 1531, the Trinitarian Alonso Castrillo published his *Tratado de Repùblica* in which he defends collectivism and anticipates many of the ideas of Louis Blanc (1848). In 1595, the Jesuit Pedro de Ribadeneira, a disciple of St. Ignatius of Loyola, in his *Tratado del Príncipe Cristiano* assigns as one of the principal duties of the king the helping of the weak and oppressed.

And Father Mariana of the same Society in his famous book, *De Rege et Regis Institutione*, which caused such a storm of abuse from the reactionaries of his day but which, as a matter of fact, was written for the instruction of the then heir to the throne, maintained that, while the division of common goods, like land, had become necessary because of the corruption of human nature, nevertheless it was not just that these should be possessed by only a few and it was the ruler's duty to see to it that they were not. In other words he was advocating a better distribution of wealth.

González de Cellariego (1600) in his *Memoriales* attacks those who despise the mechanical arts and defends economic equality. Gutiérrez de los Ríos (1610, *Noticia General*) upbraids the lazy and elevates the workers' state. Pedro de Guzman (1614, *Bienes del Honesto Trabajo*) shows the necessity of all kinds of industries whose lack in Spain is lamented by Sancho de Moneda (1619, *Restauración Política*). Fray Juan Cano (1675, *Reformación Moral*) and Alvarez Ossorio (1686, *Discursos Económicos*) propose detailed methods for promoting industry.

Practical Results

IT may be said that this was all theoretical and never produced tangible results for the Spanish workingman. That this is not so may be seen both from the labor laws passed by Spanish governments down the years and also from the economico-social projects fostered by

the Church from the earliest times.

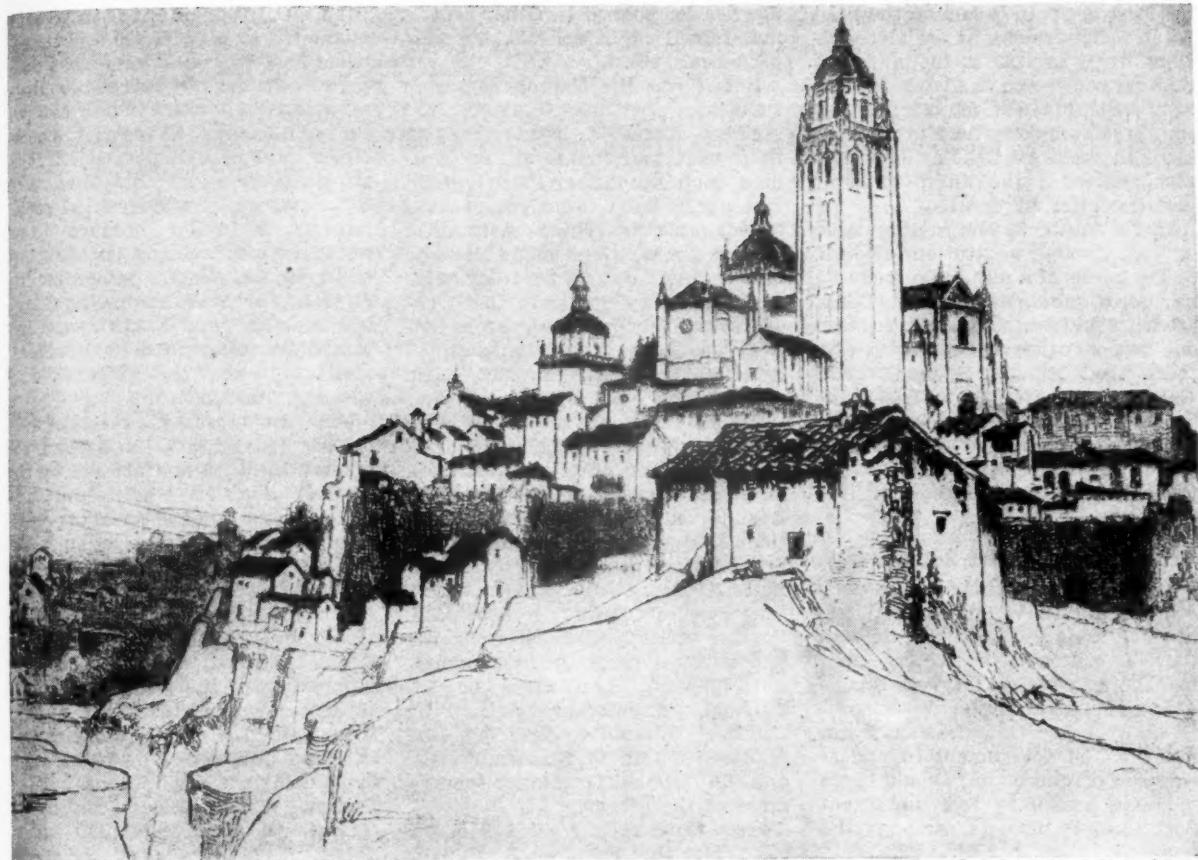
Regarding the first, the general impression that governments never did anything for labor until the Nineteenth Century and, in Spain, not until the coming of the second republic in 1931, is false. The facts in regard to Spain are quite evident from her history. Between the years 1020 (Feria de León) and 1511 (Ordenanza de Sevilla) there were issued at least nineteen laws concerning labor. That of Valladolid (1351) fixed maximum hours and minimum wages on a sliding scale depending on the cost of food. In the United States we are still arguing about this in 1938.

Philip II, the bogeyman of English-speaking people, limited the work in the American mines to eight hours a day and in the Eighteenth Century an eight-hour day was made compulsory throughout Aragon. In America the achievement of the eight-hour day was looked upon as a tremendous advance in the early part of the Twentieth Century. From Philip II to the Cortes de Cádiz (1813) there were twenty-six laws on labor promulgated and every one of them was in favor of the worker.

The Dark Night

THE "dark night" of Spanish labor came after the Cortes de Cádiz (1813) introduced so-called "liberalism" into Spain. Following the example of the English "liberalism" of that day, which was responsible for the appalling conditions in the English mines and cotton mills and which was stopped only by the notorious Corn Law riots, this first essay in Spanish "democracy" dissolved the guilds and granted absolute freedom both to the workers to pursue any trade they wished for any wage they could get and to the industrialists to conduct their businesses in any way they liked and to hire workers at any price they could get them to work for.

In other words it was the diabolical policy of laissez-faire which is so-called liberalism's only contribution to the science of economics.



From "Spain Poised," by S. Chatwood Burton

Cathedral, Segovia

This threw the worker on the mercy of the capitalist. Fernando VII, who is abominated for his absolutism, used it for one good purpose anyway when he revoked these decrees and re-established the guilds, while correcting some of their abuses—for example, their monopoly of trades. But the new "liberal" government of Martinez de la Rosa put them into effect again and that was the system, or rather lack of it, in which the Spanish worker found himself during the rest of the Nineteenth Century.

It may be asked why the Church did not "do something" about it. The answer is simple—because it was not allowed to. It is a fundamental principle of so-called liberalism to exclude the Church from all civil affairs, even though they touch on the spiritual. Thus the Spanish Church was not only prevented from coming to the aid of the worker by accusations of "mixing in politics," but was also used by the liberals as a smoke screen to hide their lack of action in favor of and positively harmful action against the Spanish working class. These liberals blamed the plight of the worker on the concentration of wealth in the hands of

the Church, which wealth they dangled before the greedy eyes of the mob as a prize for its support. But when the spoliation of the Church came in 1868 the workers did not get the benefit of it. As in England, France, Mexico and wherever the Church has been robbed by the State, the spoils went not to the poor but to the politicians who engineered the rape.

Field for Radicals

It is not surprising, then, that Spain should prove a fertile field for Socialism, Communism and, worse still, for Anarchism, which has thrived there more than in Russia. In 1868 the International was organized in Spain by the Italian Farinelli. Two years later it split into two factions, the Socialist and the Anarchist. The principles followed by the latter were: in politics, anarchy; in economics, collectivism; in religion, atheism and violent hatred of the Church. The "liberal" governments which ruled Spain during the greater part of the time from then to the second republic in 1931 did nothing to help the worker or to oppose these forces which were undermining the State.

As early as 1873 there occurred at Alcoy the first of a long series of Anarchist uprisings, the last of which happened only recently in the very midst of the civil war. There were times of respite from this dangerous situation whenever the Conservatives managed to get into power. Thus in 1874 the Conservative government dissolved the International and there was comparative peace until 1881 when the "liberals" permitted it to reorganize. This was followed in 1884 by the horrible terrorism of the "Black Hand" and the "Peoples' Courts."

In the meantime the Church, animated by the progressive teachings of Leo XIII, resumed its rôle of leader in the economico-social field in spite of the opposition of the Anarchists, Communists, Socialists and so-called liberals. This leadership manifested itself in two ways: first, indirectly, by the championship of advanced social legislation by Catholic statesmen like Cánovas del Castillo and Dato; and, second, directly, by the formation of labor and agrarian organizations under Catholic auspices.

In the field of social legislation it was Cánovas del Castillo who was

the first in Spain to launch the fight for the betterment of social conditions when, in 1892, in his inaugural address before the Academy of Laws and Jurisprudence, he warned the nation's lawmakers that to consider labor in the same light as merchandise "exceeded the limits of error and bordered on delirium."

In 1897 Antonio Maura thundered against the concentration of land in the hands of a few and introduced the term "absenteeism" into Spain from Ireland where it had also been the major cause of economic distress. And it was Edward Dato (later assassinated by leftists) who, in 1900, inaugurated modern social legislation in Spain by his compulsory accident insurance law. All these men were "conservative" Catholics.

Church's Social Reforms

BUT due to the instability of politics and the impossibility of getting the "liberals" to co-operate with Catholic conservatives in Parliament for the betterment of social conditions by legal action, it was decided that the Church should not wait for the government to undertake social reforms but should begin to do so herself by fostering practical social projects among the people.

These were based on five cardinal principles: religion, the family, private property, justice and charity, every one of which was opposed by the existing Socialistic and Communistic labor organizations. Moreover, these Catholic workers' organizations were to differ in another important respect from the non-Catholic ones which were always identified with a political party. According to the *Normas* laid down for them by the Archbishop of Toledo, they were to be *absolutely non-political*.

These associations were of two main types: labor unions and agricultural syndicates. The organization of the former was due largely to the work of Father Vincent, S.J., who laid the foundations of the National Council of Catholic Workers' Corporations. This comprised the General Union of Catholic Workers of Spain, with two hundred and twenty-six individual unions and twenty thousand members, and the Catholic Women's Union, which, in 1921 had ninety-six divisions and nineteen thousand six hundred and five members. The model of such unions was that of Burgos which maintained a savings bank, a consumers' co-operative, a building and loan association, a students' loan agency and a bureau for providing

dowries for poor girls. Other centres maintained night schools, libraries, periodicals, etc.

But it was the Catholic agrarian syndicates which achieved the greatest success in Spain. In 1920 there were four thousand four hundred such syndicates in fifty-eight federations with a budget of 359,683,758 pesetas. These maintained savings banks, which made loans on easy terms to farmers (they were first started by Fontes in 1802), co-operatives for marketing crops, social weeks for the discussion of agrarian problems, libraries, farm journals, etc.

Besides the above there were several other "Catholic Action" groups working effectively in Spain long before the term "Catholic Action" was even introduced into this country by the encyclical of our present Holy Father. Such were the National Board for Catholic Action, the Peoples' Bank of Leo XIII, Popular Action (distinct from the late political party by that name), the Spanish Association of St. Raphael (immigrant aid), the Catholic University Academy, the Apostolic Union of Secular Priests, and the National League for the Defense of the Clergy.

From these facts I think it ought to be clear that the Church in Spain was not, as is generally asserted or supposed, negligent in its duty of improving the lot of the worker. That it could have done more than it did is quite possible. The same can be said about any other Church.

However, if we take into consideration the handicaps under which the Spanish Church labored, namely, government (often anti-clerical) domination; fear of being accused of mixing in politics; the continual attacks of radical labor and agrarian organizations which, instead of welcoming this unsolicited aid to the worker's cause, always did everything they could to hinder the Church's social work because they knew it was drawing the workers away from their radical political parties; the opposition of some wealthy landowners and industrialists (one such even went so far as to denounce Pope Leo XIII in the Cortes as a radical): one marvels at the social achievements that it did accomplish.

Foreign Influence

MOREOVER, it must be remembered that the greater part of the capital invested in Spain was foreign, chiefly English and French. According to Lansing Warren in the *New York Times* for September 19, 1937,

foreign investments in Spain amounted to \$417,195,900 and he believes that their real value was double this amount. Of this "Great Britain is credited with holding 53.9 per cent and France 34.5 per cent, a combined total of 88.4 per cent." It is an established fact that these foreign investors stoutly resisted social reforms in Spain because these would cut the returns on their investment, while at the same time the English press was denouncing Spanish "reaction" and English socialists were aiding Spanish radical political elements under the guise of forwarding "liberalism."

Thus the anarchistic revolt of 1934 in Asturias against the second republic was aided and abetted by the English Socialist Party and was hailed in the English-speaking press as a revolt of "workers against reactionary Spanish capitalists." And yet it is a well-known fact that the Asturian coal mines are owned principally by English capital and that it was the harsh working conditions imposed upon the workers by their "absentee employers" which turned them into Anarchists. While I was in Spain (1923-25) I heard sermons denouncing these conditions, but the Church was powerless to better them in the face of English bribes.

The Spanish Character

IN addition to this the somewhat indolent nature of the Spanish worker must be considered. I saw examples of this in the small village in which I lived. A certain Jesuit Father, wishing to improve the economic condition of the townspeople who were entirely dependent on their small farms, introduced silk worms for the production of silk, at the expense of some wealthy and doubtless "reactionary" benefactor. But the people cut down the mulberry trees which were planted for the worms to feed on and that was the end of the silk industry. Another tried to get the men to work at making sandals during the long winter when they could not work their farms, but they preferred to spend the time playing dominoes in the tavern, knowing that if the worst came they could always count on a free meal from the *monasterio*. Yet these same men would shout insults from the tavern door when the rich *frailes* (monks) passed by.

I believe that as a matter of fact the Church in Spain not only compared favorably with, but far surpassed in social works, the Church in this and many other countries which did not have to overcome the same difficulties.

CATEGORICA

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS

THE UNWORTHY POOR

• *Some poignant facts concerning poverty are brought out by Agnes Repplier in an article called "The Poor" in the "Catholic World":*

I have an incurable and reprehensible habit of giving to beggars. I know it is wrong, because people who are wise and benevolent tell me so, but I cannot help it. It is not only that my vocabulary has never held a "no." It is a sneaking sympathy with the unworthy poor, born of a conviction that if extreme poverty were my portion, I should certainly be unworthy. This does not mean that I should steal, or that I have any sympathy with thieves. They are the cowards of the world who prey relentlessly upon the courageous. Mercy to them means cruelty to those who are worth preserving. But to be truly worthy when one is very poor requires such patient and enduring effort, and leads to such meager rewards, that although it is always expected, it never seems worth while.

STALIN & CO., EXECUTIONERS

• *So great is the blood-lust generated in Russian Communists by the destruction of their enemies that they now turn on one another. By Alexander Bakshy in "Current History":*

The list of Soviet leaders denounced by the Stalin Government as foreign spies, traitors and enemies of the people, and "liquidated" in one way or another, grows steadily in number. The significant fact about this liquidation, aside from the question whether the charges brought against the opponents of Stalin are true or not, is the actual elimination from the Soviet political scene of the majority of old Bolshevik leaders who figured most prominently in the overthrow of the Kerensky Government and in the establishment of the Soviet Régime.

This change in the personnel of Soviet leadership becomes apparent upon examination of the membership of the Central Committee of the Communist Party during the first few years of the Bolshevik rule.

The Bolshevik coup was decided upon at the sixth Congress of the party, held in August, 1917. The same congress elected the Central Committee consisting of the following:

Lenin	Nogin	Kollontay	Sokolnikov
Kamenev	Rykov	Artem-Sergheyev	Smilga
Trotsky	Bukharin	Krestinsky	Shauman
Stalin	Bubnov	Dzerjinsky	Bersin
Zinoviev	Uritsky	Joffe	Stasova, candidate
Sverdlov	Milyutin	Muranov	Lomov, candidate

Of these Lenin, Sverdlov, Nogin, Artem-Sergheyev and Dzerjinsky died of natural causes; Uritsky was assassinated by a White counter-revolutionary; Joffe committed suicide as a protest against Stalin's repression of his opponents; Trotsky has been exiled by Stalin; Sokolnikov has been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment; and Kamenev, Zinoviev, Rykov, Bukharin

and Krestinsky have been executed. Of the remaining nine members, excluding Stalin, Mme. Kollontay is the only one to hold a position of some prominence, as an ambassador to Sweden. . . .

A subsidiary of the Military-Revolutionary Center was organized in Moscow at the same time as the two sub-committees, consisting of 17 members. Of these not one holds a ranking position today, and two—Muralov and Rozengoltz—have been executed in connection with the recent trials.

Lenin died in the early part of 1924. In the light of the subsequent events the membership of the Central Committee elected at the congress is highly illuminating. We quote the list:

Andreyev, Bukharin (executed), Voroshilov, Dzerjinsky (dead), Yevdokimov (executed), Zelensky (executed), Zinoviev (executed), Salutsky, Kalinin, Kublik, Kirov (assassinated), Korotkov, Komarov, Kviring, Kamenev (executed), Lenin (dead), Lashevich, Manuilsky, Molotov, Mikoyan, Mikhailov, Orjonikidze (dead), Petrovsky, Pyatakov (executed), Rudzutak (awaiting trial), Rykov (executed), Radek (imprisoned), Rakovsky (imprisoned), Stalin, Sulimov, Sokolnikov (imprisoned), Smirnov (executed), Tomsky (suicide), Trotsky (exiled), Uglanov, Ukhanov, Frunze (dead), Kharitonov, Chubar Tsurupa.

TRAITOROUS OBJECTION

• *The following is a good illustration of quick thinking. It has appeared in several publications:*

A bishop of Germany was preaching in his Cathedral about the necessity of the Church taking part in the education of the young. A uniformed Nazi in the Church rose and shouted an objection.

"What do you know of the young, you who have no wife and children?"

The bishop calmly replied:

"I will not stand for derogatory remarks about Fuehrer Hitler in this house."

EIRE

• *The selection of Mr. Douglas Hyde as President of Eire was the occasion of the following reflections by Anne O'Hare McCormick in the "New York Times":*

In a Europe where there is no talk for the sake of talk, no room or reason for humor, almost no place where life is lived on the human scale, it is pleasant to turn to Ireland and to think of a President who has lived seventy-eight years and never thought of politics. No other State is quite like this misty little outpost in the North Atlantic. Gulfs divide it from Europe and from America. Another gulf, the deepest of all, divides the twenty-six Counties from the irreconcilable six. It is an island full of trouble but quick with laughter, poor but magnificently careless of poverty, small but spacious. In space it lies somewhere between this world and the next; in time somewhere between the Middle Ages and the Millennium; a sort of dream State ruled by a dreamer who dreams syllogisms, the Latin working on the Celt, the Celt overcoming the Latin.

POMP OF POWER

• IN AN article called "Letter From a Dutch Uncle" in the "Atlantic," Albert Jay Nock makes some wise reflections:

The less people have of natural dignity and self-respect, the stronger they are for investing their jobholders with factitious dignity, and for surrounding them with a prodigious defense-mechanism of frippery and "dog." The last time I saw the late King of the Belgians, he was getting off a train, alone and carrying a suitcase—well, he could do that. Hollanders raise their hats to the Queen as she passes them on the street, but so they do to any other woman whom they recognize; or, for that matter, to any man. Pomp and circumstance may have had other uses at other times, but they now appear to be merely a part of the great general tribute which vulgarity is always paying, and apparently must always pay, to the real thing. When people know that neither they nor their jobholders are bred to the real thing in dignity and self-respect, they insist on the most grandiose substitute for it that money can buy; and the results are invariably most comical. Conversely, when all hands are more or less bred to the real thing, putting on airs about it would be regarded as mere disgusting nonsense.

CATHOLICS AND THE CONSTITUTION

• THE NITWIT NEWS SERVICE, conducted by Leon Perezosa for the Philippine "Commonweal" furnishes a few satirical items about the inability of public servants to assist those strange beings called Catholics:

Manila, Nov. 15.—Fire broke out yesterday on the corner of Calle Herran and Arzobispo St. in the Malita Catholic Church. When the engines arrived and it was found that the blaze was in a Catholic church, the Chief refused to allow his men to turn the hose on the fire because of alleged constitutional difficulties. Chief Mabuhay told the bystanders that it was unconstitutional to use public funds for sectarian purposes and since the Fire Department was paid by the city it could not be employed to extinguish fires in sectarian institutions. The firemen confined themselves to playing the hose on the Hoopla Cabaret and Dance Hall next door in order to keep the flames from spreading. The Church was burned to the ground but fortunately the Cabaret was saved.

Manila, Nov. 16.—Yesterday children going to Bishop Catholic School were surprised to be met at the corner of Rizal Ave. and Libertad by policemen who drove them from the sidewalks. The police explained to the astonished children that since the sidewalks were maintained by the government, children going to sectarian schools could not use them. That would be indirect use of public funds for sectarian purposes. The children in bewilderment asked if they would be excluded from the use of the streets too, but the police informed them that the streets were not maintained by the state. They were not maintained by anybody.

Manila, Nov. 18.—Postal authorities expressed great indignation over the discovery that certain sectarian institutions have been using the government mails in the transmission of letters. The postmaster gave his opinion that this was unconstitutional since it was forbidden to use government funds for any sectarian purpose. Only irreligious mail may be sent through the post office, he asserted.

Manila, Feb. 31—Welfareville was the scene of a general exodus of inmates when Head Physician MacFuzzle put into effect his ruling that government funds could not be used for the maintenance of Catholic patients. When interviewed by news reporters Dr. MacFuzzle said that he took this course of action with deep regret, but felt that it was incumbent upon all Filipinos and especially on non-Filipinos to see to it that no government money be diverted to sectarian purposes. "No one," Dr. MacFuzzle added, "will contest the statement that by feeding and caring for these Catholics, the state is preserving in existence a substantial part of the Catholic flock and is adding to the vigor and influence of the Catholic Church. No one can have greater respect for the Catholic Church than I," said Dr. MacFuzzle. "However, this is not a religious question but a constitutional one. According to the Constitution the Government Insane Asylum must be kept for the exclusive use of those who hold this article of the constitution sacred." Some of the insane, it was alleged, were impressed by Dr. MacFuzzle's argument.

VENDETTA

• ALTHOUGH the practice of Vendetta has nearly universally died out, it still exists in parts of Yugoslavia, according to the "New York Times":

In the loveliest part of Yugoslavia—the Dalmatian region surrounding the Bay of Cattaro—the ancient practice of vendetta is still preserved. In other districts of Yugoslavia the custom has been stamped out by modern government, but the folk of Cattaro cling stubbornly to old tribal laws, refusing to replace them with new legal codes.

The vendetta is conducted according to fixed rules. It makes the tribe, or family, answerable for the deeds of the individual. Tribal blood is considered spilled whenever a member of the tribe is killed, wounded or mortally offended by a member of another tribe. It must be balanced by an equal spilling of the rival clan's blood. The rival clan must then retaliate, and it is possible—though improbable—for the process to go on until only one survivor remains of the two tribes.

Since the cause of the initial blood spilling is immaterial, the vendetta once presented certain problems. A Cattaro civil prisoner officially condemned to death had to be executed by 200 riflemen belonging to different tribes, thus making impractical the fixation of individual responsibility for the death.

There are a number of reasons why the men of Cattaro have not been gradually exterminated by the vendetta, and why, in fact, the vendetta is now diminishing. Most important, the blood spilling can be halted by payment of blood money, which atones for offenses.

"LOYALIST" MORALE

• THE following illustrates methods used to keep up "Loyalist" morale—so much needed in the face of constant defeats. From the "Tablet" of London:

The special correspondent of the French weekly, *Gringoire*, has written a lively account of his experiences among the Red refugees, the troops who took shelter in France from the advancing Nationalists. He describes the procedure by which these unfortunate men were given the choice whether they would return to Barcelona, or to Hendaye for Nationalist Spain. They were surrounded by the propaganda of the French Popular Front, by copies of the Communist *L'Humanité* and the

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Socialist *Populaire*, announcing Government victories, successful offensives, and he quotes the things these men said to him when they asked him to tell them candidly who is going to win. Their news was that Maja was at the gates of Burgos, that the French artillery was going to cross the frontier that night, that the men of Madrid had just launched a victorious offensive in the Guadalajara region, as described in the *Humanité* and *Populaire*, and then, and it was their trump card, "There are the English elections. If the workers get a majority, then. . ." That expectation, fanned by interested parties, has played a great part in keeping up the spirits of the conscripts collected by the Barcelona authorities.

HAVING PAPER BUT NOT READING IT

• *An amusing example of the way things work out in the Free City of Danzig is reported by a correspondent of the "Catholic Herald" of London:*

Our Polish correspondent who is at present visiting England has told some interesting details about the state of affairs in Danzig.

The Free City is at present controlled by the Nazis, but under the Constitution certain rights are guaranteed to Poland. A Catholic German minority newspaper, *Der Deutsche in Polen*, published in Poland, is forbidden in Danzig (its editor was President of the Danzig Senate till deposed by the Nazis).

But Poland insisted in defense of her Constitution-guaranteed postal rights. The following compromise was agreed upon:

Polish postmen can lawfully deliver the paper in Danzig—but it is a criminal offense for anyone to receive it!

MORE WIVES FOR CLERGYMEN

• *A MARRIED clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church offers the following proposal to the editor of the "Living Church" (Episcopal), for the increase of parish efficiency. He not only considers clerical marriage of a monogamous character beneficial to the clergyman in charge, but suggests that polygamy would work even better:*

As a rural priest, I have been greatly interested in the many helpful suggestions as to how the efficiency of our rural work might be increased. Many of my friends in the three religious orders have suggested the use of celibate clergy. May I submit my findings as the result of twenty years of rural work? The need seems to be for more priests' wives. Whatever no one else in a rural parish will do is cared for by the convenient formula: "The rector's wife will do it." Obviously, if the rector had more wives much more could be done. The Holy Eastern Orthodox Church made a halfway recognition of this situation by allowing the parish priest a wife, while the higher clergy have none. Since we allow even our bishops one wife, it would seem to be a logical extension of the principle if we allowed our secular clergy at least two wives; and, in the rural field, where they are such an important aid, three or more.

I have seen the wife of the priest act as janitor, altar guild, chorister, organist, parish laundress, parish visitor, expert in religious education, head of the Woman's Auxiliary, charity field worker, head cook at the parish suppers, dramatic coach, star of the home talent show, prima donna, hostess to important visitors, and a thousand more. All this has not put any extra strain on the

parish finances nor kept the people of the parish away from any of their social diversions.

Think what a lot of work could be done if the rector had three or more good husky wives. Furthermore, a municipality of wives would add to the varied talents which might be brought to the small parish: one could be selected for musical ability, one for social charm, another could be a sort of middle European peasant type, good for scrubbing floors and washing and ironing surpluses for the choir. . . .

Since they were merely members of the rector's family, and clerical salaries take no cognizance of the size of the family, there would be no added financial burden to the rural parish. The suggestion is perfect and needs only permissive legislation.

A PRESENT FROM THE POPE

• *The charity of the Holy Father towards those in distress is proverbial. One poor Irishman even got the present of an overcoat from him, according to "The Catholic Bulletin" of Dublin:*

You know that there are people who would literally ask the Pope for a penny. Well, a poor Irishman, one of that sort, I suspect, wrote to Pius XI asking him for an overcoat.

He had inquiries made about the man, found that he was poor, and ordered an overcoat to be got for his devoted Irish subject at his own expense. To such trouble will the busiest man in the world go for the least and humblest of his flock.

A NEW DICTIONARY

• *A CORRESPONDENT writes to the "American Mercury" to announce that he is revising the dictionary, and gives the following as a sample of his work:*

Loyalist (Loi lal-ist), n. (F. *Loyal*, fr. OF. *loial*, *leial*, fr. L. *legalis*, fr. *lex*, *legis*, law. See Legal: cf. Leal). 1. A title of respect used, esp. recently in Spain, to denote any Anarchist, Syndicalist, Socialist, Nihilist, Marxist, Bolshevik, or Communist who believes in the destruction of all loyalty to law, government, and property; who executes nuns, priests, monks, and all solvent civilians; who receives not a penny from Moscow while his "Rebel" opponents wax fat on "Fascist Gold"; and who is filled with a great love for humanity.

2. A supporter of organized government. Obs.

MENTAL HEALING

• *MANY people have greater need of mental than of physical healing. Dr. James J. Walsh writes the following in the "Commonweal":*

M. Coué, the little druggist from Nancy in France, would have made a wonderful radio announcer. He gave no medicine, but thousands of people went to him every year and somewhat more than half of them were cured or greatly benefited. The one thing he insisted on their doing was to repeat twenty times in the morning when they woke up, "Every day in every way I am feeling better and better!" That would not be expected to cure anybody, but it literally cured them by the thousands. A great French physician once said that half the people who walk into a doctor's office need to have their minds soothed rather than their bodies treated.

G. K. Chesterton: The Writer

The Second Anniversary of Chesterton's Death Is the Occasion for the Following Study of His Style as the Best Key to His Thought

By HENRY P. TUNMORE

A GERMAN philosopher (Karl Pfleger) has called Gilbert Chesterton "the bard and prophet of the common man." A *New York Times* reviewer (Ralph Thompson) regrets that Chesterton lacked universality, finding him a "keen-eyed blind man" unable to see far beyond his own personal opinions. Between these two views there is a world of difference. Evidently, if G. K. C. was in any sense a spokesman for the common man, he must have been able to see beyond his own opinions. One test of a writer's universality is his style. Is his language readily understandable in itself? Is it any more understandable when we recognize its purpose?

Style is the adaptation of the writer's language to his object in writing. The historian, for example, normally uses a fairly impersonal style because he is concerned with investigating and deducing or inducing from facts, which are impersonal things. He is much less apt to write as the purely personal philosopher who leaves concrete marks of individuality in his way of expressing his thoughts. When we come to Chesterton we meet a man who talks very much as the philosopher, not at all as the historian. We are delighted or irritated by a style so strongly individual that hardly another writer—no, not even Max Beerbohm—has managed an imitation that comes off just right.

A style too exclusively marked by individuality may well limit the number of readers whom the writer can command. If we are looking for universality in Chesterton, we must look for some common ground among all the apparently eccentric individualities we find in him, some ground in which many men can share. I think we can find this in a sort of elemental sense of surprise which he strives to keep alive in us. He wants more than any one other thing to make us wonder at man and man's world and to make us love them both, love fiercely and faithfully.

This, therefore, will be a language calculated to make us stop and see these wonders in their deepest mean-

ing and in a new freshness. He cries out

"That a man grow used to grief
and joy
But not to night and day."

I have found at least four habits in Chesterton's way of writing which I think give a good deal of trouble to his first readers. He is journalistic, two-toned, wandering, and paradoxical. Let us consider these one by one and see if they are as troublesome as they seem. Let us see if the kind of common ground we are looking for shines through these habits.

"I have always been and presumably always shall be a journalist." This way of writing like a journalist is probably the first thing we should notice about Chesterton's expression. The admission is characteristic of a writer who seldom hesitated to recognize his own shortcomings. It means that we must listen rather than read, for in journalism the story-telling instinct is far commoner than the story-writing method. We can readily sense this oral quality in a style where conjunctives flood the text, where parenthetical anecdotes are a matter of course.

THE fact that we have to do with a writer who was primarily a journalist suggests a question. Why did he choose to be one? To write and to talk like a journalist seems to have been his instinct. But is that the whole answer? He has said something himself which may clear up the case:

... it was not the superficial or silly or jolly part of me that made me a journalist. On the contrary it is such part as I have in what is serious or even solemn. A taste for mere fun might have led me to a public house but hardly to a publishing house ... I could not be a novelist because I really like to see ideas or notions wrestling naked ... and not dressed up in a masquerade as men or women. But I could be a journalist because I could not

help being a controversialist. (*Autobiography*, p. 298)

In the same passage he goes on to suggest that "mere incompetence or laziness" as well as "a liking for direct democratic appeal" may explain why he likes controversy. The first reason we may take with a grain of salt, especially when we know that the man who speaks put out in his day more than fifty volumes of prose and poetry. But I think the second reason hits squarely on the mark. We see the proof of this second reason in the fact that, no matter what his ostensible subject, Chesterton almost always takes his instance from the ordinary things of everyday life. "But when he speaks of them we become aware of something remarkably extraordinary about them which nobody has noticed though it intimately concerns everybody." (Pfleger, *Wrestlers With Christ*, Essay on Chesterton). Why we can speak of the purpose of such a journalist as universal is not hard to understand.

IF CHESTERTON talks as a journalist, if he writes orally, what is his tone of voice and the frame of mind that is reflected? Theodore Maynard has pointed out that Chesterton had two main modes, though he often fused them. He could be fantastically humorous, piling exaggeration on exaggeration, or he could write with a quiet, passionate eloquence. He spoke in the first tone and wrote the greater number (though not always the best) of his books in the same. Typical of this hyperbolic mood is a passage in *Heretics* where the author discusses the morality of strong drink:

In these discussions it is almost always felt that one very wise and moderate position is to say that wine or such stuff should only be drunk as a medicine. With this I should venture to disagree with a peculiar ferocity. The only genuinely dangerous and immoral way to drink wine is to take it as a medicine. If a man drinks wine in order to ob-

tain pleasure, he is trying to obtain something exceptional, something he does not expect every hour of the day, something which, unless he is a little insane, he will not try to get every hour of the day. But if a man drinks wine in order to obtain health, he is trying to obtain something natural; something . . . he ought not to be without; something he may find it difficult to reconcile himself to being without. The man may not be seduced who has seen the ecstasy of being ecstatic; it is more dazzling to catch a glimpse of the ecstasy of being ordinary. If there were a magic ointment, and we took it to a strong man and said, "This will enable you to jump off the monument," doubtless he would jump off the monument, but he would not jump off the monument all day long to the delight of the city.

A good example of the more eloquent mood occurs in the *Autobiography* where Chesterton records an incident of his youth. One day on Kensington High Street he ran into a shouting mob. Suddenly there was a hush, and they dropped on their knees.

Then I realized that a sort of little dark cab or carriage had drawn up opposite the entry; and out of it came a ghost clad in flames. Nothing in the shilling paintbox had ever spread such a conflagration of scarlet, such lakes of lake; or seemed so splendidly likely to incarnadine the multitudinous sea. He came on with all his draperies like a great crimson cloud of sunset, lifting long frail fingers over the crowd in blessing. And then I looked at his face . . . dead pale like ivory and very wrinkled and old, fitted together out of naked nerve and

bone and sinew; with hollow eyes in shadow; but not ugly; having in every line the ruin of great beauty . . .

We passed on; and then my father said, "Do you know who that was? That was Cardinal Manning."

The high intensity of feeling in this passage is infectious. But Chesterton could, when he wished, speak just as eloquently in a quieter pitch. We find that pitch more easily in his religious poems. Simply and like a child he sings of how

so that even though the portrait of Manning is far from commonplace, it is as clear as a flash of white light.

I said "as directly as the author is able." Like most English men of letters Chesterton writes in a wandering pattern. This is one habit in his style which does get in the way of his democratic directness of intention, which does hinder in spots the sort of universal comprehensibility we have been looking for. It is a habit which interferes less with understanding than with order. In that last and very significant chapter of the *Autobiography* on "The Man With the Golden Key," we have to wade through seven pages before G. K. C. comes to the point. Somehow he makes us like the wading.

Chesterton's wandering creates for his readers the necessity of separating "solid argument" from "entertaining illustration." This becomes no simple task when a writer will tack on five examples to every idea. Sometimes the basic idea is itself framed in fun-provoking phrase. Such is the bland statement that:

the philosophy of St. Thomas stands founded on the universal common perception that eggs are eggs.

Those of us who know little or nothing of that philosophy are apt to suspect that we are being spoofed. There we should be wrong.

The best-known stylistic habit in Chesterton's whole output is the paradox. It is part of his larger and more significant delight in word play. I say "more significant" because I think it illustrates something which made Chesterton almost unique in his literary generation. I mean his claim that serious subjects need not be discussed in funereal tones. In the *Autobiography* he remarks "I have never understood why a solid argument is any less solid because you make the illustrations as entertaining as you can." And again: "I have never taken my books



Drypoint by Walter Tittle, Courtesy of Kennedy Galleries, N. Y.
G. K. Chesterton

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at
him,
And all the stars looked down.

The mood is the same but it is softly spoken.

Though the second is the richer and more poetic of the two moods, I think both show a desire to speak to the man in the street as directly as the author is able. In both instances Chesterton makes his images as concrete and as direct as he can,

seriously but I have always taken my opinions seriously."

"Paradox," G. K. C. says in another place, "is nothing other than a certain joy in defiance." It was an *instinctive* joy with him. That is why we cannot in fairness think of his paradox as a purely intellectual device, an affectation, as we regard it in most writers. It was *oral* even; for so fast forged together were his mind and will and speech that for him to affect anything must have been a distinct effort.

"The function of the paradox," he writes in *Saint Thomas Aquinas*, "is to awaken the mind." Far from being disturbed by the apparent contradictions which flower so profusely in his works, I found them more often than not a real help toward understanding. In one of a group of essays misnamed *A Short History of England* he comments on the tendency of some historians to ignore all popular legends in favor of the written record and notes in dissent that "Arthur is more real than Alfred." The boy in the front row with the studious look may object, but his fellow classmate who remembers his *King Arthur and His Knights* will understand. This way of looking at things, in its very freshness, often comes like a cold shower suddenly snapping us from predilections and unquestioned clichés.

But is there anything universal about the paradox in Chesterton's hands? His way of phrasing a paradox is not universal but the product of a unique imagination. His purpose, perhaps, comes nearer to being universal since he aims to quicken our understanding. And our pulse too: for I think what will make Chesterton's paradoxes live is the spirit in which they are spoken. Listen a moment as he rebukes the modern aesthetic poet:

But I can't help wishing
you got more fun out of it;
you seem to have taken
quite a dislike
to things.

They seem to make you jump
And double up unexpectedly . . .

"Rebukes" is almost too strong. The man who wrote these lines is laughing good-humoredly and probably making the aesthetic laugh too. He will not regard any man solely as a vehicle for ideas. He is a man with a great-hearted love for his fellow man, backsliding though the fellow be. He is a man who laughs at our foibles but who seems to add, "I remember. I did that myself!"

I put the question at the beginning, "Is his language readily understandable?" Considered in itself, his

language is not easy. We do have to stop and think. Nor is it so difficult as some of his reviewers would have us believe. If we take him at his word, we shall understand him much sooner. If he speaks often in paradoxes, we can be grateful for the many times they reduce a difficult problem to its essentials, ready to excuse the fewer times they seem indulged in for their own sake. But above all, we can remember that the paradox was only one outlet of a fabulously fertile imagination. It was the imagination of the poet whose voice was not always heard above that of his twin, the controversialist, but a voice that could as easily roll out the rich prose rhythms of *The Everlasting Man* as paint the exquisite images of the *Ballad of the White Horse* (which is really an epic poem, not a ballad).

I have tried to show that there is a kind of universality in the effect Chesterton wanted to produce by his language. Considered in the light of this purpose, his language is readily understandable. He wanted to make others feel the sense of the strangeness of things, the tremendous wonder and love for man and man's world that was in him. And he was helped towards that goal by a gift most of us lose as we grow out of

childhood, the gift of asking the right questions, the gift of seeing far more swiftly and sharply than most of us the right answers to the fundamental "Whys" and "Whats" and "Hows." Etienne Gilson was speaking of this gift when he said of Chesterton, "He positively irritates me; he is always right!" I think Ralph Thompson of the *Times* would be less sure of his "keen-eyed blind man" had he read more carefully the second and last chapters of the *Autobiography*. Therein one can see clearly how the mind of the man functioned.

A clear understanding of Chesterton's language and of its purpose is the best key to his thoughts. Such understanding is, of course, a necessary key to any man's thought, but, as I have tried to show, it is a peculiarly necessary key for G. K. C. It means understanding why he became a journalist, how he could write in two very different emotional tones, how his thoughts wandered, and why he used paradoxes. It is not the only key. But I like to think that he would have asked us to use it first, to peer behind the door and find

"Where things are not what they
seem
But what they mean."

To A Blind Man At Mass

By HENRY RAGO

Hearing the bell, I falter to my knees
And fumble with my Book until I find
The place; then read in listless fashion, ease
Over the passion-pounded Latin; blind

To the spilled Blood in every rubric cross,
My eyes desert the pages, go their own
Way; then—then suddenly are at a loss
To leave the sight of you, kneeling alone:

The radiance of your soul upon your face,
Joy in you, round you, like a luminous thing.
You, blessed stranger, patient in your place,
Hearing a Friend approach, and listening;

And now your face uplifted eagerly:
Pity the blinded: tell us what you see.

THE SIGN-POST

QUESTIONS + ANSWERS + LETTERS

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Authority of Church in Marriage: Order of Marriage Act

(1) In the Encyclical "On Christian Marriage," under Section IV, which deals with contraception, is this statement: "But no reason, however grave, may be put forward by which anything intrinsically against nature may become conformable to nature and morally good." Does this mean that the Church is setting itself up as an authority on what are the prime functions of different parts of the human body, whenever there is the possibility that certain uses of these parts may lead to infractions of the Catholic moral code? Will this authoritarianism apply to things as well as persons? (2) In the same section of the Encyclical dealing with "sympathetic understanding" is this sentence: "For in matrimony, as well as in the use of the matrimonial rights, there are also secondary ends, such as mutual aid, the cultivating of mutual love, and the quieting of concupiscence, which the husband and wife are not forbidden to consider, so long as they are subordinated to the primary end, and so long as the intrinsic nature of the act is preserved." Since the use of artificial contraceptives made from natural materials are taboo, and the purposeful use of the "rhythm" method likewise frustrates the prime function of the act, how can these "secondary ends" be met and still preserve the "intrinsic nature of the act?" Non-Catholics have asked me questions like these. I have not been able to give them a thoroughly satisfactory reply—NEWBURGH, N. Y.

We recommend that the whole Encyclical "On Christian Marriage" be read, in which these questions are satisfactorily answered by the Pope himself. Extracts may not be understood until they are seen in their proper setting.

(1) The Catholic Church has been instituted by Christ to bring men to eternal salvation: "Go, teach all nations," He commanded His Apostles before He ascended into heaven. In virtue of that universal divine commission, the Church claims authority over marriage as a Sacrament and also that she is the infallible interpreter of the moral law, the observance of which is necessary for eternal salvation and also the temporal prosperity of individuals and society.

Pope Pius XI in the same Encyclical writes: "For Christ Himself made the Church the teacher of truth in those things which concern the right regulation of moral conduct, even though some knowledge of the same is not beyond human means. For just as God, in the case of the natural truths of religion and morals, added revelation to the light of reason, so that what

is right and true in the present state of the human race may be known readily with real certainty without admixture of error; so for the same purpose He has constituted the Church the guardian and the teacher of the whole of the truth concerning religion and moral conduct."

Every human act has a moral quality; it is either conformable or unconformable to the moral law, and therefore either good or bad. The Church has no commission to teach medicine, nor has it a special anatomical science. But it has the divine authority to determine what is or is not conformable to the moral law, whether it regards persons and their bodies, or merely material things. The Church knows very well that the Ten Commandments concern the right use of the body; the Sixth forbids adultery and all manner of physical sins; the Ninth forbids all sinful desires. And the Church remembers what happened to one Onan, whom God struck dead because "he did a detestable thing." That "detestable thing" is what moderns call "birth control," but is more accurately called contraception.

The grand purpose for which Christ instituted the Church logically includes all the rights necessary to achieve this purpose. If the exercise of that purpose is called "authoritarian," so let it be. And let us thank God that it is so. The Church is the one body in the world which can say with perfect right in matters related to faith and morals, "Thus saith the Lord!"

(2) The objection advanced confuses the means of regulating births. The word "frustration" in relation to the marital act is rightly used only in regard to those positive contraceptives by means of which, as the Pope declares, "the act is deliberately frustrated of its natural power to generate new life." He teaches that this frustration is "an offense against the law of God and of nature, and those who indulge in such are branded with the guilt of grave sin." The use of the "rhythm," or so-called "safe-period," is in conformity to the natural law as regards the marital act, and hence there is no "frustration" as in the case of positive contraceptive means. The secondary ends of marriage are achieved without violating the nature of the act.

What has been said here is simply to elucidate the expression of the Pope, not to intimate that the so-called "safe-period" is recommended universally and without restriction as the ideal of married life, as we said in the May 1938 issue, page 611. The advisability of using the "safe-period" is a matter which is rather tolerated for grave and conscientious reasons, when married persons wish to regulate births, but not by means of complete abstinence.

Science and Religion: Galileo

Does science conflict with religion? If not, why so much debate on the subject? If Galileo was a Catholic, why didn't the Church accept his true, scientific discovery about the revolution of the earth? Doesn't this incident show that there is a conflict between science and religion?—C. P., UTICA, N. Y.

True science and true religion do not conflict, because truth is one. But false science conflicts with religious truth and true science conflicts with false religious doctrine. You have in mind the physical sciences, which concern material things. But physical science is only one division of science. Religion based on natural truths and above all on God's revelation is also science. The latter is highest of all sciences. Science in its general meaning is truth reduced to order. Galileo was indeed a Catholic. He came into conflict with the Congregation of the Inquisition because he asserted that his theory of the earth and heavenly bodies was true, though he had not demonstrated it. He boldly attacked the common interpretation of the Bible as false. It was his rashness in defending his theory and in attacking the common interpretation of the Bible which caused the Inquisition to condemn him. His theory was afterward proved to be true and subsequently the Church accepted the demonstration. Before his time the astronomical data of the Bible were interpreted literally according to the appearances of things, e.g., when the sun stood still in answer to the prayer of Josue (Jos. 10:12). This was true according to appearance, but not according to the reality, as afterward demonstrated. It was the earth, not the sun that stood still, according to Galileo. The case of Galileo was providential in that it taught it is necessary to be ready to accept the demonstrated truths of the physical sciences and to interpret the Bible accordingly. The sacred writers of the Scriptures wrote according to appearances and not according to the principles of strict physical science. Yet even at this late day the common usage sanctions the use of such expressions as "sun-rise and sun-set." It is interesting to note that Protestant scientists of Galileo's time were equally opposed to his theory before it was demonstrated. (Martin Luther thought Galileo was quite mad.) This was the prudent attitude to assume. At least it was and still is the "scientific" attitude. The condemnation of the Inquisition was a disciplinary measure; not an infallible definition. Galileo died in union with the Church. He had received an annual pension of one hundred Crowns from Pope Urban VIII from 1630 to his death in 1642. (The Paulist Press, New York City, publishes a five-cent pamphlet on this subject.)

Administration of Morphia

Please state what latitude the Catholic Church allows in the administration of morphia to incurable and dying patients. I have heard of two patients dying recently under the influence.—IRELAND.

The moral principle applying to such cases is given in Fr. Bonnar's recent book, *The Catholic Doctor*, as follows: "In considering the question of Euthanasia we have seen that he (the physician) may not hasten death. He may, of course, give drugs such as morphia to lessen pain, but not in such doses as would be equivalent to poisoning. If drugs are given to relieve pain, they must not be given in doses large enough to deprive the patient of the use of his faculties, if he has not put his spiritual and temporal affairs in order." It pertains

to the physician to decide what dosage to give, in accord with the above principle. The same applies also to nurses and those in care of the sick. Deliberately to administer drugs in amounts large enough to cause death may be called Euthanasia by those who adopt the modern pagan attitude towards the dignity of man, but in the light of the moral law it is murder. (We strongly recommend the above book to all physicians and nurses. It sets out in clear and convincing fashion the principles of Catholic ethics dealing with medical problems. \$2.50 net.)

Impediment of Vocation: Abstinence and Condiments

(1) *I was told that a girl who wanted to become a religious would not be accepted, if her father or mother or grandparents needed her for their support. Please print the words of the Canon Law about this.* (2) *What does the Canon Law say about speaking to people three times?* (3) *There has been considerable argument about foods cooked in the broth of meat. I would appreciate it if you would print the law of the Church about abstaining from meat and foods cooked in meat broth. Some people argue that smoked meat isn't fresh meat. Are fats and grease regarded as meat?*—R. S., WASHINGTON, D. C.

(1) Canon 542 says that children, whose father or mother or grandfather or grandmother are in great need and depend upon them to support and educate other children, are unlawfully received into the novitiate of a religious community.

(2) We regret to advise that we do not understand this question.

(3) The law of abstinence, as we have answered very many times, forbids meat and the juice of meat, but not eggs, lacticinia (milk products) and condiments made of the fat of animals (Canon 1250). The term "meat" in the ecclesiastical sense includes all parts of warm-blooded animals and birds that live and breathe on land. Hence, the blood, fat, marrow and brains may not be eaten on abstinence days. The law makes no distinction between white and dark meat, nor between fresh meat and smoked and canned meat. These are only accidental differences. Animal fat may not be eaten in itself, but it may be used as a condiment to prepare foods, when it is rendered, as drippings of lard and other animal fats. Abstinence food may not be cooked in meat broth, nor may meat soup be eaten on forbidden days. Lenten regulations usually make these things clear.

Pre-Nuptial Agreement Not To Have Children!

A Catholic couple plan to marry but with the agreement that there will be no children, not because of any physical or financial reasons, but simply because the girl does not want children. Would not this be a mortal sin?—BOSTON, MASS.

The primary purpose of marriage is the propagation of children. For this reason the essential object of the contract is the mutual giving and receiving of the right and duty of performing the marriage act, without which the primary object cannot be obtained. The secondary ends of marriage—mutual aid, a common life, and the lawful satisfaction of the sex appetite, are subordinate to the primary purpose of marriage. In other words, sexual pleasure may lawfully be enjoyed only in lawful marriage and in subordination to the primary end.

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If a couple attempted to enter marriage and refused the mutual rights to the conjugal act, which is a perpetual and exclusive right (that is, not limited as to its exercise, except by the law of reason; and not to be shared with anyone else), they would not be married, for the essential object of the contract, according to the law of nature, would be lacking. To marry with such an intention is to be guilty of a grave sin, just as it would be a grave sin for a jeweler to sell a paste marriage ring for a diamond one.

Married persons may, indeed, mutually agree to grant mutual rights and then mutually agree to renounce them, even perpetually, for the sake of spiritual perfection, but this is so extraordinary a renunciation that it is not morally possible for the generality of married persons to observe it, without a special gift of God. A few married saints have done this.

A pre-nuptial agreement to exercise marital rights only by the use of the "rhythm" or so-called "safe-period" is really an abuse of this expedient for harassed married couples. For couples, or even one party, to enter marriage with this explicit intention is to risk the validity of the marriage, since, as said above, marital rights must be perpetual and exclusive. What kind of married persons are they, who desire to marry and enjoy the bodily pleasures of marriage, and yet mutually determine for selfish and sensual motives to prevent the birth of children, whose presence is the blessing of their union? They seem to think that marriage was instituted by God primarily for the benefit of the partners, but the truth is that marriage was primarily instituted for the benefit of the race. The common good takes precedence over the individual. People have such strange notions these days, the result in many cases of reading stuff written by quack "scientists," liberal ladies, and even degenerates. Would that the Pope's Encyclical on Christian Marriage were more widely read and followed! It would give the faithful, at least, sane ideas about this sacred subject. It has been incorporated in *This IS Christian Marriage*, especially written to elucidate in a popular manner the papal doctrine. (The Sign Press, \$1.10, postpaid.)

Precept of Abstinence: Working-men and Families

(1) Does the age of seventy "ipso facto" exempt a man from the precept of abstinence? (2) Does the indult granted in favor of "working-men" include mental workers? (3) The indult in favor of "working-men" grants exemption from abstinence to them and their families. Suppose that a "working-man" eats outside the home. May the members of his family, who eat at home, or outside, enjoy the privilege in such a case?—G. A. R., FLUSHING, N. Y.

(1) The precept of abstinence, which begins to bind at the completion of the seventh year, does not cease to bind by reason of age. The precept of fasting, however, which begins to bind at the completion of the twenty-first year, ceases to bind at the completion of the fifty-ninth year.

(2) The indult granted by the Holy See to the Bishops of the United States, who apply for it, in favor of "working-men," empowers them to dispense "working people" who cannot conveniently observe the common law of the Church from the obligation of abstinence on all days of the year, except Fridays, Ash Wednesday, the Vigil of Christmas, and Holy Saturday until noon. This dispensation does not exempt from the obligation of fasting, where such exists. It is necessary that the Bishop publish this indult in his territory,

which is usually done at the beginning of Lent. He may make provisions for its use, which the faithful subject to him are obliged to follow. Thus, he may allow "working-men" and their families to eat meat once or more than once on abstinence days.

The term "working-man" is usually understood to mean laborers, that is, those engaged in works which tax the physical powers. Mental workers, or near mental workers, are not strictly included under this term. They may, indeed, need a dispensation as much as laborers. The Church makes provision for them by granting Pastors the power to dispense individuals and families in his parish, and many Bishops grant all priests with diocesan faculties the power to dispense in individual cases.

(3) The members of the family may eat meat once, or more often if they are not obliged to fast, even though they are partaking of a meal at which the head of the family is not present.

(Note: Many reasons are given for reading the Catholic press. Included among them is the knowledge of the Lenten Regulation, which are printed in all the diocesan newspapers at the beginning of Lent.)

Are Housewives Working-men? Sacraments to Apparent Dead

(1) Is not a person who performs the duties of the household considered a "working-man," and therefore excused from fasting during Lent? (2) If a priest was sent for, but the patient died before the priest arrived, could the priest give conditional absolution? How does he do this?—S. M., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

(1) Those who perform housework of a laborious kind, it seems to us, could reasonably be included under the head of "working-men," and hence may enjoy the privileges granted in favor of "working-men."

(2) As we answered in the January 1938 issue, p. 365, as long as there is a probability that real death has not set in, Extreme Unction and Penance may be administered to one of the faithful conditionally; that is, under the conditions that the party is not really dead, is sorry for his sins, and would have requested the Sacraments, if he had the power. When there is a probability of life and even of consciousness remaining, the apparently dead person may have the dispositions necessary to receive the Sacraments, though he cannot express them. Because Christ instituted the Sacraments for the salvation of men in the wayfaring state, the Church allows the use of them in cases where apparent but not real death has occurred. Since probability is not certainty, and a dead body is no longer a person, the priest preserves the Sacraments from frustration by administering them conditionally, "if you are alive; if you are sorry for your sins."

Was Pope Pius IX a Mason?

A Masonic friend of mine showed me a circular from that organization which stated that Pius IX was a Mason. Would you kindly explain this?—H. J. M., WATERTOWN, MASS.

We have explained it more than once in past issues. For the present we quote John Gilmary Shea in his *Life of Pope Pius IX*, pp. 291, 292. "It started in Germany and they thought that by putting the scene in America, they would escape detection. They declared positively that Pius IX had been received into a Masonic lodge in

Philadelphia, cited his discourses, and declared that a number of his autographs were preserved in the lodge. Unfortunately for the story, Philadelphia is in the civilized world. People there could read and write. They examined and found that there was no Masonic lodge in that city by the name given; they found that no lodge in Philadelphia had ever received John Mary Mastal [Pius IX]; they could find no trace of his ever having been there, as he never was; no lodge had any of his autographed letters; Masons themselves attested that the whole thing was a pure invention. The slander thus refuted has been revived from time to time, but in later versions care is taken not to specify the lodge or city too distinctly." (Quoted by Arthur Preuss in his *A Study of American Freemasonry*, pp. 270, 271, a book which we heartily recommend.) Masons have been charged with having perfected a technique of lying in order to deceive the unwary. The circulation of such ridiculous stories gives substance to the charge. Pope Pius IX in a solemn allocution on April 20, 1849, feelingly referred to the rumor connecting him with Masonry and denounced it as "the blackest of all calumnies" ever uttered against his sacred but much-maligned person. This query leads us to advise our readers that there is a large amount of literature on Freemasonry, much of it in pamphlet form, which can be obtained cheaply from the various Catholic publishers. This is one subject that intelligent Catholics ought to know thoroughly, for Freemasonry is certainly a force to be reckoned with at all times, but especially today.

Omitting Passion on Palm Sunday: Why Mixed Marriages?: Women Singers

(1) When a priest celebrates two Masses on Palm Sunday, is he required to read two long Gospels, or may he read the long Gospel of the Passion at the first Mass and a short one at the second? (2) The Sixth Commandment of the Church forbids Catholics to marry non-Catholics, yet the Church turns about face and sanctions and blesses mixed marriages, notwithstanding the fact that statistics show that 90% of the offspring of such marriages are lost to the Church. (3) The present Pope put a ban on women singers in church. Why are they still retained in many churches, especially married ones, when the unemployment situation is still grave? (Your answer to a previous question sent in about a year ago was far from clear.)—J. T. STAATS-BURG, N. Y.

(1) Bishops of the United States may obtain from the Holy See the faculty to dispense priests who celebrate two Masses on Palm Sunday from repeating the long Gospel of the Passion. In the second Mass the priest who bimates reads only the last portion of the Passion Gospel, beginning *Altera autem die*. The last Gospel of this Mass is taken from the rite for the blessing of the palms.

(2) While the Church "most severely forbids mixed marriages everywhere," it also provides for dispensations from the impediment for just and grave reasons and under proper guarantees to safeguard the faith of the Catholic party and the children. As *This IS Christian Marriage* says, "the Church judges that it is better to allow Catholics to enter them, provided that the conditions required for a dispensation are fulfilled, in order to prevent greater evils. In every society there will be found some who are not loyal to the spirit of the society. Rather than have Catholics enter marriage with non-Catholics invalidly, the Church prescribes (Canon

1064) that Bishops and Pastors shall take care that they are not entered into contrary to the laws of God and the Church." The ceremony of a mixed marriage is essentially the same as that of a Catholic marriage, but those sacred rites instituted by the Church, which are so dear to the feminine heart, and which good Catholics look forward to with such anticipation, are forbidden. (Canon 1102). In this way the Church shows that she does not give mixed marriage her hearty approval. Until the Church herself changes the law about mixed marriages, the rest of us must not be more Catholic than the Church. The leakage on account of mixed marriages is large, but what is your authority for saying that it amounts to 90% of the offspring?

(3) It was Pope Pius X, not the present Holy Father, who ordered a sweeping reform in Church Music in a *Motu Proprio* of November 22, 1903, which he commanded to be observed everywhere. Among the General Rules it was prescribed that "women, since they are not capable of performing liturgical functions, may not be admitted to form a part of the choir." We are not in a position to say why women are still employed as singers in church choirs in this country. Since few of them are paid, it would hardly relieve the unemployment situation by supplanting them with men and boys, which is the mind of the Holy See.

(Note: We are sorry that our previous answer was not entirely satisfactory. May we suggest that you do not delay for a year before registering your dissatisfaction, if any, with this one.)

Magnificat on Holy Saturday

Please tell me if one should stand or kneel during the singing of the Magnificat at Mass on Holy Saturday?—M. R., HINSDALE, MASS.

The congregation should always stand when the *Magnificat* is sung at Vespers. On Holy Saturday Vespers are recited at the end of the Mass. The same rule holds for the singing of the other Canticles of the Divine Office—the *Benedictus* at Lauds and the *Nunc Dimittis* at Compline.

St. Joseph of Arimathea and Glastonbury

The enclosed clipping from our local paper describes the visit made by an Episcopalian minister to the tomb of St. Joseph of Arimathea at Glastonbury, England. According to information gleaned from various encyclopedias, I was under the impression that the story of Joseph of Arimathea's sojourn in England is to be regarded as a myth. I would appreciate your supplying me with a few facts in regard to his "tomb."—L. S., SHEROY-GAN, WIS.

The most recent discussion of this matter, to our knowledge, is to be found in the revised edition of *Butler's Lives of the Saints* by Fr. Thurston, S. J. (March, pp. 296-298). He says that "we know nothing authentically of St. Joseph of Arimathea beyond what is recorded in the Gospels." The saint's coming to Glastonbury is a "legend" in Fr. Thurston's opinion. "Neither in Bede, Gildas, Nennius, Geofrey of Monmouth, the authentic William of Malmesbury, nor any other chronicler for eleven hundred years, do we find any trace of the supposed coming of Joseph of Arimathea to Glastonbury." The legend of his sojourn in Glastonbury did not become current until the close of the Fourteenth Century. From this one may judge what foundation there is for the opinion that St. Joseph's "tomb" is in Glastonbury.

June, 1938

Letters

• LETTERS should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

STATE HEALTH INSURANCE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have followed with keen interest the articles on socialized medicine by John F. Thorning and subsequent letters appearing in **THE SIGN** pertaining to this important question.

The care of the body is second only to the care of the soul. Therefore, the responsibility of health rests upon the individual, because it is primarily a personal responsibility. The American Catholic Hierarchy stated at their recent meeting "personal responsibility" is the cornerstone of social progress. If we wish to progress socially, this important matter of public health should not under any circumstances be removed from a personal responsibility issue, and delegated to the care of the Federal, State, or Co-operative groups, dominated by only one of the healing arts, because collectivization deprives you of your individual liberty in this matter of personal health.

The medical profession is only one of the healing arts, and judging by its past record, it certainly does not deserve full control of public health. The medical stand against Pasteur in the past and against the scientific progress of Chiropractic today is tell-tale evidence of lack of elasticity in policy. Both Pasteur and Chiropractic have been a boon to mankind, and we would have neither if organized medicine had complete control of public health.

The danger of Federal or State medicine seems to be very apparent to the thinking individual. Let me assure you that this same danger lurks in the co-operative groups. Just scratch the surface and the blood relationship becomes very apparent. We find the members playing politics with their votes for their favorite doctor. From there, it is only one more step to gain control. Once control is gained, new appointments would be made only with the approval of the head doctor and only those methods to which he subscribes would be used by his fellow practitioners.

Do not allow the brightness of your optimism for socialized medicine to blind you to a true perspective of this question. Dr. J. H. Means of Harvard University accuses the American Medical Society of being Political and Partisan. He declares that its "cause" is due to something close to standpatriotism. If this is true of the A. M. A., it will be true of the Federal, State, or Co-operative medicine for the same reason. To the individual who really wishes to study this matter and its dangers, may I recommend reading *The Citadel*, by Dr. A. J. Cronin.

I propose a State Health Insurance plan, or group insurance. If done on a State-wide basis the cost would be considerably less. This insurance could be handled in the same manner as State Savings Bank Life Insurance in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The purpose of this insurance is to cover the cost of health

service rendered to the individual, whether the health service be chiropractic, osteopathy, optometry, chiropody, dental, or medical. The group insurance that relinquishes to the individual the full opportunity to select not only his own type of health service but also the free choice of his doctor is the ideal plan. This system will give the doctor the incentive to improve himself instead of sitting down with an assured income. It also prevents the patient from becoming a serial number on a card. This plan preserves the personal responsibility of both the patient and the doctor.

Today we are drifting too fast toward collectivism. I believe it is time that we checked this drift. Collectivism stunts initiative and undermines social progress because it robs the individual of personal responsibility, and by removing personal responsibility we are demoralizing society.

We demand religious freedom. Why not demand freedom in matters of health? Our health is second only to the welfare of the soul. Are we to forfeit this liberty for State medicine?

EVERETT, MASS.

WILLIAM E. MERCHANT, D. C.

CHILDLESS MARRIAGES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I fully appreciate and approve the righteous indignation of Mr. C. B. Wynn expressed in his letter appearing in the April issue of **THE SIGN**, commending your editorial on the National Campaign for Birth Control in the previous issue. However, his praiseworthy zeal in condemning birth prevention has led him to do a grave injustice.

Specifically, I refer to the proposed examination of parish records to determine the number of births resulting from Catholic marriages, and thus to gain "statistical evidence" of the "appalling number" of Catholics who are birth preventionists. Upon reflection it would appear that such an examination would prove only the number of marriages and births, and, to be evidence of birth prevention, would require the assumption that Catholics who are childless, or who have too few children, necessarily practice birth prevention. Therein lies the injustice.

Many Catholic couples are childless, not by desire, but because of some physical incompatibility or incapacity. They want children, they pray for them, they seek medical assistance to remedy their misfortune, do all in their power, and meanwhile are held up by birth control advocates as Catholics who practice birth prevention. They are even regarded with suspicion by some fellow Catholics. They would appear on the records as childless, receiving censure instead of the sympathy which I, who once was one of them, know they deserve but do not seek.

Many others, married five, ten, or more years, have but one child. These too are accused of birth prevention, and are doubly suspect because they have proved their fertility. No one considers that they, knowing that an attempt to have another child would almost certainly mean death to the mother, live a life of unavowed celibacy in the intimacy of the married state. They would appear on the records as having too few children, accused or suspected of violating that law which they, above all others, apply in the fullest sense to their own personal relations. They would be proscribed as violators of the moral law, when they need prayers to aid them in keeping a difficult law under difficult circumstances.

The proposal to check parish records to obtain evi-

dence of birth control can be assailed on numerous other grounds, but I am content to say that any suggestion that childlessness is evidence of birth prevention is grossly unfair.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

J. W. ROUSE.

CANADIAN APPRAISAL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have had a fairly wide experience in magazine reading, Catholic and secular, and may well claim a rather critical and discriminating taste, so when I say that I eagerly look forward to each new number of *THE SIGN*, I have contributed my meed of praise. The several articles on social and economic questions published in your magazine deserve special commendation, and though the statutory aspect of some of the discussions belongs properly to the U.S.A., nonetheless the handling and application of the problems and remedies therein set forth are of universal import.

The several articles on the unfortunate and terrible Spanish situation appealed to me in the strongest possible manner, not only on account of their remarkable forbearance and tolerance, but principally from the accurate and thorough grasp of the situation displayed by several writers. It is to be regretted that Catholics display such antipathy to the subject, one which I feel is vitally affecting the future welfare of what we call western civilization. In fact the assertion of the soul of Spain by General Franco bears a strong analogy to Tours, Chalons and Lepanto. In realizing and facing vital questions we Catholics are a peculiar lot. Circulating the copies of *THE SIGN* containing these illuminating articles on Spain and on the Catholic attitude towards social and economic questions among my non-Catholic associates has done much to dispel misunderstanding among them.

It would be impolite to pass Belloc in silence, as for many years I have been an appreciative follower of his and of his late co-champion, G. K. C. Several times I had occasion to refer his articles on heresies to several high school students, thus setting aright some false impressions and implementing correct ones gained from the popular history used in the schools. But in these articles on heresies and his recent series on conflict between Catholic and non-Catholic thought re the reality of the unseen, does not Belloc but enlarge upon and particularize a theory running up and down the pages of Cardinal Newman? That is, does not this undeveloped theme like a motif pervade much of Newman? This may not be so, yet from a fairly lengthy and exhaustive study of the great Oratorian I have this impression—not by any means accusing Mr. Belloc of unfairness.

ST. JOHNS, NEW BRUNSWICK. FRANK M. O'NEILL.

WATCH FOR "THE LEFT BOOK CLUB"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I draw your attention to a periodical called *The World Problem*? It is published by the Vatican Polyglot Press, Vatican City. Its sub-title is "Survey of Modern Atheism." The information given in the March number is so startling that I am hoping you may find it possible to give it some publicity.

"The Left Book Club," writes a Catholic journalist, "is an organization which chooses one book each month, from every department of knowledge, to be bought and discussed by its members. These books are written with the avowed purpose of disseminating criminal

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anarchy." . . . "As an instrument for the perversion of the human mind, 'The Left Book Club' is particularly efficient."

The following extract from the March issue will show the subversive character of this vicious propaganda. *Insurrection*, by Lenin, urges that "victory will come to the proletariat through rivers of blood." The Dean of Canterbury declared at a mass meeting in London that "Russia is making the greatest contribution to Christianity the world has ever seen." Lord Addison . . . "The first principle of British democracy today should be to stand shoulder to shoulder with the U.S.S.R." The organizer of "The Left Book Club" is one Victor Gallancz who boasts that within the next six weeks he is coming to the United States to launch an American "Left Book Club" in Madison Square Garden where he will meet 25,000 people! He is now in England.

The present nation-wide campaign against indecent print should include books that teach or advocate atheism and anarchy. It is bad enough to allow emissaries of Communism to talk their treasonous doctrines in public places and use the freedom of the press to disseminate them in print. But to permit the furtherance of their revolutionary campaign by means of the American publishing business is degrading and abominable. If, as the editor of the *Ave Maria* says, "For some reason our Government seems to have a weak spot for a nation that is sending twenty or more of its best citizens before a firing squad every day," then democracy should rise up against Washington autocracy and anticipate the launching of a "Left Book Club" by a national drive for a "Right Book Club."

WILMINGTON, DEL.

MOTHER AGATHA, O. S. U.

SANE VIEWS ON SPAIN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As a poor bewildered student of Christendom I am writing to tell you how much I appreciate Aileen O'Brien's approach to the Spanish turmoil—or tragedy. Some call it a blessing. Who knows? What I like about her writings is that she does not spoil them with violent pro-Franco sentimentality. She is careful to centre her criticism on Atheism and does not make sweeping denunciations of Communism *in toto*.

It is to be hoped that more of our prolific journalists of the Catholic Press will take a lesson from her and try to exercise the same intelligence and tact. The first thing a Catholic journalist must understand and keep uppermost in his mind is the precise nature of his mission, the essential thing for which he is called to propagate—to win souls to Christ. Note that Aileen O'Brien concerns herself solely with persons, with souls, and has left to others the questionable duty of eulogizing or discrediting the various political factions.

Since the beginning of the civil war in Spain we have witnessed a graceless display of prejudice centered in Temporalism pro et con. This is not Catholic propaganda. Propaganda is an art which requires intense cultivation, and its quality depends wholly on what exactly is being propagated. Let us make sure it is Christianity and not something else.

We can have nothing but praise for the sincerity of our Catholic journalists, and in general, their urbane treatment of the situation in Spain. The crux may be found in an erroneous belief which is prevalent throughout the Catholic Press, with a few remarkable exceptions. It is based on the assumption that the forces of Christendom and anti-Christ are in the process of crystallizing respectively. This is presump-

tion—a sin against Hope. It is as if we were hastening the crystallization before the defection becomes greater.

What have we ever gained by stimulating class-conflict? For four hundred years we've been trying to keep up with the heretical Joneses by playing their game. Isn't it time we realized that the dice are loaded? When the barbarians invaded and "conquered" an earlier (and not over-ripe) Christendom did they succeed in making barbarians out of them? Not at all. They became civilized and absorbed by the Christians. In her own tactful way Aileen O'Brien is telling us that we cannot win back the masses by putting a rope around their collective necks.

A small handful of eminent Catholic scholastics have posed the question to which I have failed to find a satisfactory answer by any of their legion of critics. In substance it is this: Why waste time patching up the bulwarks of our antiquated domain while there are gaping holes in the bottom of it? Unless we get busy laying a new foundation, the bottom will soon fall out of it entirely.

This is not the opinion of an excited group of alarmists, and it does not mean that we should become gloomy or morbid over the situation. Four hundred years of disintegration is no preparation for a Crusade. So let us bow our heads in Christian humility and recognize the swan-song of a passing era, and with an irenic spirit turn to the yoke of Him who came, *not* to destroy, but to fulfill the Law.

FOREST HILLS, N. Y.

LAURENCE G. DOYLE.

THE LEGION OF MARY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the May issue of your magazine I noticed a letter from a reader in Pittsburgh asking for information regarding the Legion of Mary. I am one of three representatives of the Central Council of the Legion, Dublin, who are engaged in organizing the Legion in this country. I am therefore in a position to give the information requested. With the approval of the Bishop, Praesidia of the Legion of Mary have been established in the following parishes of the Pittsburgh Diocese:

St. John the Evangelist, S. 14th Street.
Our Lady, Help of Christians (Italian), East Liberty.
Nativity of Our Lord, Franklin Road, N.S.
St. Canice, Orchard Place, S.S.
St. Andrew, Beaver Avenue, N.S.
St. Stephen, Hazelwood.
St. Francis Xavier, California Ave., N.S.
St. Peter, Sherman Avenue, N.S.

It is possible that other branches have since been established.

The Legion of Mary is now established in about fifty of the United States Dioceses and in most of those in Western Canada. I shall be very pleased to put any of your readers who are interested in touch with the Legion in their diocese.

The aim of the society is the sanctification of its members through prayer and the Lay Apostolate; to be in every parish a Spiritual Army "co-operating in Mary's and the Church's work of crushing the head of the serpent and advancing the reign of Christ." (Handbook).

A recent report from a Brooklyn parish shows that thirty-five active Legionaires have been established in three Praesidia, supported by eight hundred auxillary

members whose prayers have won success for the efforts of the active members. The following is an extract from the Summary of results during three years:

Brought to Confession and Communion (many after a lifetime's absence	448
Baptisms	56
Children secured for Sunday School	355
First Holy Communion	90
Marriages revalidated	18
Secured for parish societies	431
Converts	12

I shall be glad to answer inquiries from any of your readers.

31 EXETER STREET,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

JOHN MURRAY.

SIBSON'S STORY STIRS MEMORIES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Presented with some back numbers of THE SIGN, I cannot refrain from telling you how wonderful they are. I am going to pass them on to one of our selectmen who told me once he thoroughly enjoyed reading them, accidentally coming into possession of one from time to time. He is not a Catholic and belongs to the old Lincoln family, made famous by the Emancipator.

Francis Sibson's story, "The Ship That Would Not Die," in the November issue, reminds me of an old poem, "The Inchcape Bell," in our English readers when I was a child, some fifty or more years ago. It does seem to me that a ship is almost animate. My husband and his father belonged to a long, unbroken line of sea captains.

MINOT, MASS.

JULIA E. B. PRATT.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

G.M.F., Hartford, Conn.; F.McA., Brighton, Mass.; M.O., Cincinnati, O.; M.R.L.S., St. Louis, Mo.; B.O.H., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.M., Sandusky, O.; R.S., New York, N.Y.; C.J.McC., Beverly Farms, Mass.; R.P.S., Cincinnati, O.; M.E.T., Philadelphia, Pa.; M.S., St. Albans, L.I.; M.A.S., Long Island, N.Y.; H.T., New Rochelle, N.Y.; H.McC., Union City, N.J.; L. McC., Union City, N.J.; M.J.E.R., Mamaroneck, N.Y.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Sacred Heart of Jesus, C.T.W., Narberth, Pa.; St. Anthony, J.R.R., New York, N.Y.; Sacred Heart, S.R., Buffalo, N.Y.; Poor Souls, M.A.B.S., St. Louis, Mo.; Holy Souls, M.C.D., S. Braintree, Mass.; Infant Jesus of Prague, M.K., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, A.K., Philadelphia, Pa.; Our Blessed Lord, A.B., Dorchester, Mass.; Holy Souls, M.V.McG., Camden, N. J.; Sacred Heart, M.J.E.G., Des Moines, Iowa; Our Lady of Victory, M.J.P.R., Glen Morrison, W.Va.; Little Flower, Catherine, Lily of the Mohawks, St. Theresa, B.C.M., Newark, N.J.; Blessed Gemma Galgani, Little Flower of Jesus, J.O., New York City; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, M.M., McKeesport, Pa.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, C.L., Pawtucket, R.I.; St. Joseph, K.F.K., Elmhurst, L.I.; A.L.C., Melrose, Mass.; H.A.D., Princeton, N.J.; N.H., Philadelphia, Pa.; E.J., Louisville, Ky.; C.H., Gloucester, N.J.; M.C., New York, N.Y.; K.E.C., New York, N.Y.; H.C.C., Brooklyn, N.Y.



Woman to Woman



By KATHERINE BURTON

SOME FURTHER SUGGESTIONS

• HERE it is a beautiful day at the very beginning of May. A handsome bluejay and a little wren, utterly indifferent to each other, are on the lawn—the wren very busy with a straw as long as herself, the jay dashing to and fro from tree to bush investigating and inspecting. The lilacs are purple in the sun. And I, who with very little pressure or none at all could be writing a verse on spring, must sit here and write about economics. I don't want to do it, though apparently there are many who love it. But when one has been told that one knows nothing about business and that one is—a just a moment until I refer to the April issue of THE SIGN where a correspondent uses the word—a crackpot! "A new high in crackpot suggestions," is how Mr. Vincent phrases it anent one of mine—a wren-like little suggestion it was too—the suggestion that Mr. Sloane or Mr. Knudsen be laid off for a few months instead of eternally laying off the men under them, the workers. My point was that those two would not notice the difference in salary, but that the little man may have to come down a whole lot in the social scale if he is not paid for a few months, and that it will affect his family and in turn the whole locality.

Not such a crackpot suggestion, it seems to me. Mr. Vincent wants to know who will do the work if the executives get a layoff with no pay. But of course the whole idea was about the pay. Good heavens, let them work if there is desire or necessity—but let them do it without pay. And if Mr. Sloane and Mr. Knudsen simply must be kept on the job and with pay, then how about laying off some assorted vice-presidents, or sons and daughters of the rich who are so eager to work that they take the jobs of boys and girls who can't get any in consequence? Why don't the rich young take the jobs that are crying to be taken—in day nurseries or boys' clubs or settlement houses? There is work waiting to be done in dozens of charity organizations by those who are willing to do it without pay. And while the vice-presidents and the gilded youth are doing that, the money they are not taking in as earnings, and the money the hard-worked settlements won't have to pay, can go elsewhere—where it ought to go.

"It is regrettable that layoffs have to occur," says Mr. Vincent. Regrettable? It is damnable, and I mean that word very literally. There is no reason why there should ever be any layoffs. And although I am very willing to admit that I know nothing of economics, especially in the modern meaning of the word as applied to our mad capitalism, I do know this: until we get over the idea that capitalism means making money, and that capital has a right to accumulate money only for its own sake, and get into our heads the fact that accumulating money for its own sake will lead only to the poor man getting poorer and the rich man getting richer, we are not going to bring about an ending of layoffs. We will, however, continue giving the Communists a splendid weapon.

Is it not idiotic that windows are full of food and hungry children are empty of it? That distribution is reaching the point now where millions are made from wretchedly paid men and women and then a small portion is handed back to them grudgingly in taxes—just enough to keep them from starving? Somewhere self-respect is lost under such a procedure—and I mean self-respect not only of the poor but of the rich.

A REVOLUTION FROM WITHIN

• PERHAPS if we can bring about a revolution from within before things get too bad we can stave off the revolution from without, which is almost upon us, or certainly seems to be. Monsignor Ryan notes, as printed in the Congressional Record, that one reason for the latest depression is the great rise, since 1936, in the price of commodities, and he also notes that at least seventy-five per cent of the increases are unnecessary and unjustified. "They have their origin," he says, "in the deadly sin of greed."

Aldous Huxley says that we shall find no improvement until ambitious wealth and power seeking is considered as much a vice as drunkenness and sexual license. Instead, in our topsy-turvy present day, the man who can furnish stocks and bonds as collateral, even if he never earned a penny of them, can get a needed loan, and the man who can bring forward merely his good name, his reputation for paying his bills, his hands eager for work—what can he get?

And we are all to blame, the very rich and the moderately rich, the big man and the little man, Mr. Vincent and I, for none of us is brave enough to realize that democracy is a tool and not an easy chair.

Sun and soil and rainfall have made the lilacs fragrant and healthy and beautiful. It is an excellent example of co-operation. It is nature applying successfully the law of distribution—a natural law that if harmoniously applied will work out for the good of all. Warmth and food and drink should be expected by all human beings, as are sun and rain by the tree. But I am getting too poetic for an economic discourse.

The little wren has her straw under control now and is flying from branch to branch up towards her hidden nest. The bluejay is still flying from tree to bush and back again, looking for something and evidently sure he will find it in the very next tree he lights on.

A LOST ART

• HARVARD and Oxford teamed up some time ago in a spelling bee by radio, and Harvard won by four points. But the two words all went down on were "truncheon" and "embarrassment"—not such hard ones really. One earlier American went down to defeat: he thought the word was spelled "lonliness," and an Englishman lost on "corollary." Well, that art seems to be on the skids on both sides of the Atlantic.

Lord of the Bread Line

By JOHN GIBBONS

Now here is a story, the gist of which I frankly intended for the consumption of my own England. And then my effort was rejected—possibly because it was a little too illuminating. I am going to write the thing again and try it in America. After all, most nations prefer to read about other people's weak points than about their own.

So we English, I fancy, are on the whole a politely disciplined people; and we read, for instance, of the dreadful bread line of the great American cities with the comfortable reflection that nothing like that could happen with us. Nor could it. Not for years has any poverty so spectacular been on public display over on our side. *Cives Britannici Sumus*, of course, which, for the benefit of the unlearned one, is Greek for "We Are Not As Other Men."

When an English statesman announces that all will rejoice to hear that the more painful aspects of acute distress have now vanished from our streets, he may be taken as speaking the literal truth. Indeed our police will attend to anyone whose appearance even suggests

that the Honorable Gentleman might inadvertently be in error. No unchristian charge of mere poverty will ever appear on a record sheet, but the delinquent citizen can be equally efficaciously dealt with for "wandering abroad and refusing to give an account of himself." He ought, of course, to mention a respectable address; if he has no money to live anywhere in particular, he comes under some Statute of Queen Elizabeth of Blessed Memory, and can be taken to the police station as a "vagabond."

The gratifying result of it all is that in no English street is the decent passer-by likely to be shocked by the painful sight of any very appalling and ragged poverty.

Our great gentlemen of Parliament refer to main streets, of course, but I can think of a corner of London that might be a little different. There are no Americans there, and in fact no tourists of any sort; so it doesn't really matter much about a backslum of twisting lanes and rat-warren alleys. Decent people would live there once, perhaps two centuries back; now it'll mostly be warehouses for the kind of com-

modities that are not over-particular about vermin.

I did not think that many people will nowadays reside there at all, and I was therefore surprised to go about three o'clock in the dark and drizzle of a London winter's afternoon and to find myself in a queue of perhaps fifty human wrecks all waiting for 5 p.m. and the opening of a door in a Catholic night-shelter. They must have tramped from all over London, and that meant many weary miles. Our London is a far larger place than your New York, in point of mere geographical size. That queue shocked me. When I had taken on the job of writing up that place, I had never bargained for an opening wait of two hours in the rain.

You don't want it described—the obviously robbed Lascar sailor standing shivering in the gutter with no clothes underneath his thin dungarees, the men there in the rain with no coats or hats, with no foot-wear except perhaps the remains of ancient canvas slippers picked from some luckier ash-can. You have your own poverty in Amer-



No One Has Starved

Etching by Reginald Marsh. Courtesy of Kleeman Galleries, N. Y.

ica, and perhaps it's on a larger scale and is more romantic than ours. I am no O'Henry. I came away with nobody's life-story, and nobody asked for mine. Hardly anyone spoke at all; scarcely a human scarecrow even so much as looked at me, and my careful journalistic preparation of a studied raggedness was absolutely wasted.

MEN who have been walking about starving are not brilliant conversationalists, and we were a dumb and unseeing queue; it seemed tacitly to be accepted that no one in the world would stand in it unless he positively had to. About my name and so forth I said nothing at all; when we eventually got inside and the "full-up" door almost immediately slammed behind us, all I had to do was to avoid going near any official and otherwise to stand or sit inconspicuously where we were bidden to stand or sit.

In a Catholic shelter, then, were we all pious Catholics? My fancy is that we were not. We had frightened-looking boys with weakly vicious faces, the kind of lads who might have started as totally unsuccessful petty thieves. They would not dare go home; they would avoid any State shelter where questions might be asked. England is a small country with a very efficient police system; sooner or later the drag-net of the law would find them in any case. Meantime, here they were.

We had men with alcohol-bloated faces and speech of astounding filthiness, the type whom you call "hobos." Certainly we had a minority of extreme undesirability.

As for religion, no questions were asked and no lies need be told. It was a Catholic shelter for all that; here were the images of St. Joseph and of Our Lady, and I suddenly remembered reading somewhere that "lady" originally meant "loaf-giver." Here were the loaves, with a pair of expressionless Sisters from the Women's Refuge next door coming round the tables with a sort of bath of steaming cocoa and huge baskets of bread.

Eat with your fingers, of course. But it seemed that first we were to stand up and return thanks, and perhaps one man in five did carefully cross himself. No, there was nothing to pretend piety for; I think those men were too stupid for even that trick!

The feast now over, we were apparently free for recreation, and the younger and more dashing men went and smoked in the yard. Tobacco was short; a rainy day means

that the thrown-away cigarette-end gets trampled into mud before it can be picked up. We seniors just sat in silence and stared at the blank walls.

Have we then no official night-shelters? We have. But with all sorts of official regulations as to how often one man may use them. Here in our place what little conversation we had seemed to centre entirely on night-shelters.

We touched, too, upon the charity shelters, and so it seemed that some church miles away was this very night entertaining one hundred men to a grand tea with meat-pies absolutely guaranteed and with a ticket for a bed to follow. But of course there would be thousands of workless fighting for the banquet; it would be magnificent to get a pie, but if one was worsted in the battle, then it would be too late for other shelters. That would mean the streets, and "moving on" all night as well as all yesterday and all tomorrow.

THO "MOVE ON" is a sort of shibboleth of our police. Keep walking, and one is a gentleman of leisure; sit down, and if you are ragged enough then you become a "vagabond" under the Statute of Good Queen Elizabeth of Happy Protestant Memory. To keep "moving on," of course, is not too good in our London rain. For myself, I found the talk slightly depressing and I was glad when recreation time was over. It was half-past seven at night now, and we were apparently to go to our beds.

Really they are not beds. There is a kind of wooden shelf lined with what in England we call "American Cloth," that shiny stuff, which can be washed down the next morning with disinfectant. Personally I lay down in all my clothes and hoped for the best; but everybody else, I saw, was making a careful toilette. One collects thrown-away newspapers and folds them ingeniously into bed-clothes; one can even fashion kind of grotesque pajamas out of dirty newspaper and a bit of string. One old man, I saw with amazement, was actually saying his prayers before climbing on to his newspaper shelf. Nobody took the slightest notice. Indeed within almost minutes after the electric lights switched off, all those worn-out wrecks were asleep.

For myself, I just couldn't. Apart from anything else, that dormitory groans with noise; every one of those men has chronic bronchitis, and even in their sleep they cough

all the time. It is, too, an unusual place to find oneself in. There are two huge fires in the ward, and with the flicker you see all those bodies apparently in their coffins with the great Crucifix looking down from one end.

Now that I've seen the place, why can't I get up and go out and have a bath and go decently home? After all, it isn't nine at night yet. But you can't. The door is locked, and you won't get out before six next morning.

Where was he going, I asked the man shuffling down the steps next to me in the morning. He was walking perhaps eight miles across London to some place where he hoped to get taken into the official poorhouse. If, that is, it wasn't full. Listen, I said! I was a liar, a fraud; really I wrote for a newspaper. Yes, he said, everybody had known that there was something about me. Why, I wondered, and the reason was that I had thrown a cigarette on the floor and had put my foot on it; but it might have been pinched out to be good for many more precious puffs.

I could not help everybody, I said; I might conceivably help one man. Could he somehow hang about all day, and get back at night into that same shelter? I would talk to the superintendent; something might be done. How much money would tide him over the day? I saw him puzzling it out in a stupid, starved sort of way, and he dare not ask for too much. Our standards are different, I know; in New York I once gave half a dollar, and the man didn't seem effusively grateful. Here in a London slum that man asked for a penny or two cents.

I gave him a shilling, or what you call a quarter. He was staring at the treasure, and thanks be to the Lord, he said, and I would remember, Sir, wouldn't I?

WHAT I wanted to end up with, however, is odd. Because I was in that place from five o'clock in the afternoon until somewhere after six next morning, and all the time I never spoke to a soul; my England is less democratic in its accents than your America, and there might be a risk of my voice betraying me. I only talked to that particular man by the mere accident of walking out next to him. But when I came to look at him, I saw that I was talking to the queer old fellow who had so fantastically made up his newspaper-bed and had then knelt down like a child and said his prayers.

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The Three Cultures

The Effects of Nationalism on the Greek, Catholic and Protestant Cultures Have Varied According to the Qualities of Each of These Cultures

By HILAIRE BELLOC

LET me repeat to begin with the underlying truth about all these things: any culture, national or racial, depends mainly upon and is produced by a *religion*. This is a capital point which some may think I introduce too often; but it is so much neglected in our day that it cannot be too much emphasized.

Blood plays its part and so does climate; but the way in which men look at the universe, their traditional attitude towards the duties and the fate of man, towards property, towards the family, towards marriage, the rights of the State and the limits of those rights—all these make up the atmosphere in which and by which a society lives.

That atmosphere is not always called a religion. It is often no more than a philosophy. It is quite commonly unmentioned because it is taken for granted: people feel thus or thus without being fully conscious themselves of the fact that they do so. Again, the actual doctrines which were taught and believed when a culture was forming under their effect may gradually fade from the mind, and yet the general effect of those doctrines upon character will remain.

Thus we see today that the Calvinist doctrine which was lately a very vivid and intense creed is no longer held by one man in a hundred of those who formerly held it, and that even this one man feels the doctrine far more weakly than his fathers did. Nevertheless, the powerful effects of Calvinist culture are to be seen over great areas of the modern world. A character has been formed by it, and that character endures.

All this I have said many times before and it may seem wearisome to go over it again, but it is essential to insist upon it because it is fundamental to the understanding of what we are about to discuss.

There are, in that world of white men which used to be called "Christendom," three main groups of culture. The Greek or Orthodox Church formed one group. Its great leader was Russia under the Czardom of the old days, and attached to it were

the Balkan States. It covered the east of Europe and part of Northwest Asia.

The next group was the Catholic culture, having its centre in the Papacy and identical for hundreds of years with the whole of western Europe.

The third group was the Protestant culture which began to split off from the second group in the Sixteenth Century (that is, from 400 to 350 years ago) and which became quite separate and marked during the Seventeenth Century. It covered much of north Germany, a governing part of Switzerland, Great Britain and Scandinavia, including Finland and much of the Baltic coast.

The effect of nationalism on these three separate cultures was different according to the quality of each.

In the Greek or "Orthodox" culture nationalism was, as it were, taken for granted. That is, the Russian, the Bulgarian, the Serbian regarded the western Christian as necessarily opposed to him. He was aware that there ought to be a unity between all Christians, but he thought of the Roman Church as domineering and hostile. Those who followed the Greek Mass and liturgy became very separate from those who followed the Roman Mass and treated communion with Rome as the test of right living.

WHEN the Russian Empire broke down as a result of the great European war quite a new state of affairs arose within this Greek or "Orthodox" culture. In a way its old fierce separatism, its old reaction against Rome, was weakened. There was no longer any powerful Russian monarchy to defend it in arms, or to form the organizing force covering by far the greater part of its area. Before the Great War you might say that the territories governed by the Czar were nearly the whole of this Greek or eastern culture and that the little states of the Balkans were mere fringes. When the Czardom disappeared this element of strength in the eastern or Greek culture disappeared with it.

But on the other hand the separate-

ness between the east and the west of European Christendom was enhanced by a new apparition—Moscow Communism—which was not only an economic doctrine but a doctrine covering all morals. A sort of new religion, materialist and atheist, got hold of the organization of the Russian State and in a very large measure transformed Russian society. Now Communism was and is even more anti-Catholic than the old religious Greek atmosphere had been; and through its effect the East became still more separated from the West.

WE CANNOT yet tell what the future of this change will be. It is probable that the purely Communistic side of it will be softened and that private property will largely return. The peasants are already reacting towards private ownership of their land. But the wound dealt to Christian morals, the break with the whole tradition of Christian doctrine and its effect on character were profound.

The Pope took advantage of the great change to inaugurate a movement for missionary effort in the east of Europe. Since the old Greek religious atmosphere was almost wiped out in the major part of the area that had once been devoted to it, there was room for the beginnings of a reunion with the western world through religion. Young men were trained in the Greek liturgy, and the Greek Mass was said by them as priests who, in habit and character might be taken for the old Greek clergy but who were in communion with Rome.

That effort, of course, did not go very far at first. It has had no very great spread as yet. What it may do in the future we cannot tell. At the moment the outstanding fact is that the east of what used to be called Christendom has taken up an attitude even more strongly anti-Catholic than it had in the old days. The new Communist experiment, largely organized by Jews, has dug a gulf between Russia and the rest of us. It is in its way a triumph of nationalism (or rather in this case *regionalism*)

against the old Christian tradition, and nowhere does the separatist effect of these "isms" work more clearly or more violently than in Russia.

In the Catholic culture, which covers the southern part of Western Europe and also Poland and Ireland, there is a problem peculiar to that area and quite different from the struggle with Communism. Communism has indeed got a certain hold on industrial districts in parts of the Catholic culture, notably in certain industrial towns in the east of Spain, where it has produced a bloody revolution against which a national rising has happily taken place and, as it appears now, will be victorious. Communism gained a number of adherents in the larger French industrial towns and had also begun to be strong in the Italian industrial towns, until the great Fascist movement arose and organized intense national feeling against it. But, as a whole, the problem of nationalism in the western nations and in Catholic culture in France and Italy and Belgium and Spain will remain a problem of internal conflict between those who, while inheriting the fruits of Catholic culture, are bitterly opposed to the strength and organization of the Church, and those who are increasingly determined to hold fully to the old Catholic tradition.

The first of these are called "Anti-clericals." Until quite recently, everywhere in the Catholic nations the anti-Catholic movement had certain common characteristics. It was organized around the Masonic body which gave it its leaders and its local centres of action. The Masonic lodges in France and Italy, in Belgium and in Spain, were what is called in military language the *cadres* of the anti-clerical army. Anti-clericalism, the form that nationalist opposition to the Church took in nations of Catholic culture, was all the harder and stronger because it grew up among men who were used to dogma, to strict doctrine and to definition.

ANTI-CLERICALISM was often politically allied with the Protestant world. The anti-clericals of the Garibaldi movement in Italy and of the republican movement in France and in Spain were sympathized with by the Protestants of northern Europe, but spiritually there was very little in common between the Protestant and the anti-clerical.

A very good example of the alliance is to be found in Voltaire who was entirely a product of the Catholic culture but who spent all his talents in opposing the organized Catholic Church and weakening, so far as he could, the hold of the Faith upon

the French people. He professed great admiration for the Protestant culture, especially in England and, at one time of his life, in Prussia. But he never understood it. He and his like are never at home except among their fellows of the Catholic culture. For although the whole anti-clerical movement is a revolt against the Catholic Church, it is a revolt of men framed in the Catholic type of mind, especially in its insistence upon reason, clarity of expression and exact definition. Further, anti-clericalism is essentially of the Catholic culture in its militant quality.

Of the Catholic culture in Europe two provinces were hardly affected at all by anti-clericalism. These were the two provinces which had not formed part of the Roman Empire; Poland and Ireland. In each case the strength of Catholic tradition was greatly enhanced by national feeling. The Poles and the Irish were repressed nationalities and nationalism became the badge of their national traditions opposed to alien governments which held them down.

The Protestant culture had for its main centre Prussia (in the old sense of that word) and Great Britain. Prussia, as it existed before the Napoleonic wars, was a highly organized, intensely anti-Catholic State combatting the Catholic culture among the Germans and, outside, among the Poles. Prussia lived and grew by its anti-Catholicism, and Berlin, the capital city of Prussia,

BELLOC'S SERIES

THE GENERAL subject of the series of articles appearing monthly in THE SIGN from the pen of Hilaire Belloc is the Debate between the Church and the Modern World.

NEXT MONTH Mr. Belloc will treat of the evil effects of Nationalism revealed in English history.

THE AUTHOR will later treat of the Family, Property and Human Dignity.

was the focus of continental Protestant and anti-Catholic culture. Prussia, centered in Berlin, was the very product of nationalism in its most extreme form.

Scandinavia had become Protestant rather by default than otherwise. There was no anti-Catholic popular movement there to speak of. The Reformation in Scandinavia, as elsewhere, offered such opportunities for loot to the wealthier classes, and for complete independence to the local kings, that they threw in their lot with the new religious movement; but there was no strong national or racial feeling driving that movement. Catholicism in Scandinavia simply died out from lack of nourishment.

AFTER the defeat of Napoleon (which was, though it did not seem so, essentially a military defeat of the Catholic culture) Prussia, centered in Berlin, greatly increased its power. Berlin was given by the treaties that followed the defeat of Napoleon complete power over great areas of the Catholic Germans, particularly on the Rhine. There arose among the Prussians a man of high genius. Otto von Bismarck, who directed all that genius to the aggrandizement of the Prussian monarchy ruled from Berlin. He defeated the French in a war of the highest consequence (1870-71). He had already defeated the Catholic Germans in Austria (1866). He created a new state to be called the Reich, or new German Empire, in which he was clever enough to include a large body of Catholic Germans, notably the Bavarians, whom he thus cut off from the Austrians while leaving them a minority within his own territory.

The enthusiasm created among all Germans by the Prussian victories over France, and the great increase in population and wealth which the new Reich began to enjoy, vastly increased the strength of the Protestant culture in Europe and was again a triumph of nationalism over the universal spirit of the Catholic Church.

Meanwhile another element or province of the Protestant culture was already developing rapidly, increasing vastly in wealth and population. This was Great Britain. There, more than in any other country of Christendom, did nationalism arise as a compelling force, utterly eliminating the old universal Catholic tradition and replacing it by the worship of the nation which became the true religion of Englishmen and Scotchmen.

But this, the nationalism of Great Britain, deserves a separate and concluding article for it has had vast effects on the whole world.

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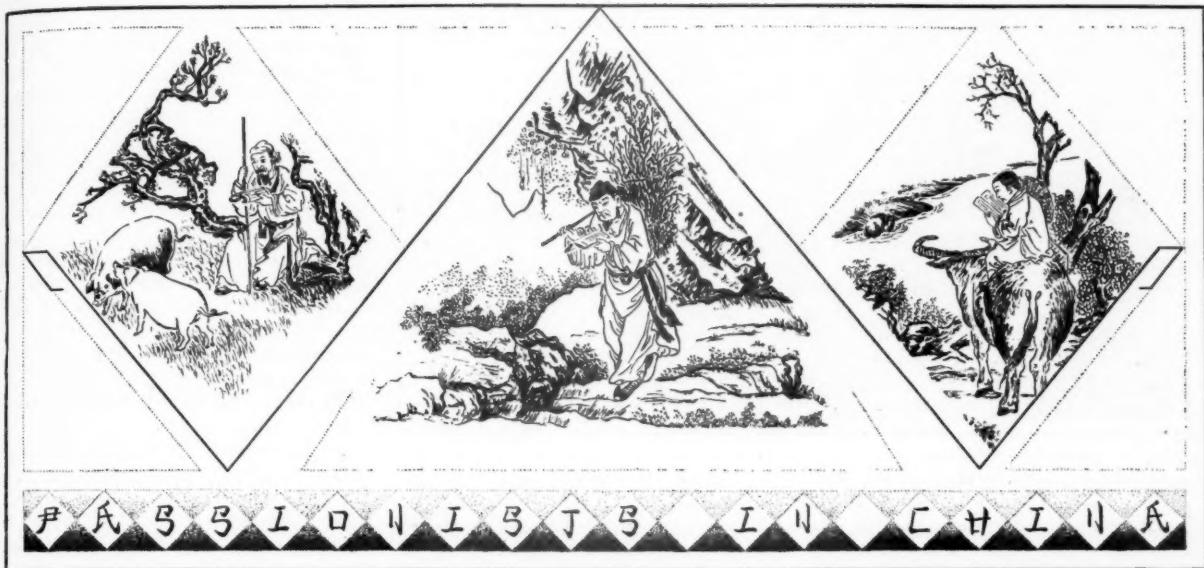
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By Joachim Beckes, C.P., Wuki, Hunan

Terror of the Night

By MOST REV. CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P.

FOR the second time in China and for the third time in my life I have been awakened from heavy sleep at dead of night by the soul-piercing cry, "*Fire! Fire!*" No experience is so bewildering, so agonizing, as to have one's slumbers rudely broken in upon by the heavy thud of bare knuckles on a bedroom door while the nerve-shattering knocks are intensified and vivified by the vociferous, impudent alarm, "*House afire! House afire!*"

I was ten years old, I think, when I first heard that dreadful summons. A suburban, midnight silence suddenly made terrifying by fearful screams from a sister's room; a frantic scurrying for something, anything, as protection against the biting air of a Canadian autumn night; a headlong charge to the burning quarter of the house; a rear-veranda and out-buildings wrapped in flames; the writer's assault with a broom upon a tongue of fire shooting up through the veranda floor; neighbors rushing to the scene with buckets to help fight the common foe; a mother with rare presence of mind salvaging furs and heavy clothing against the long winter months ahead; the fire brought under control by the timely arrival of a nearby section-crew; finally, the fire extinguished, a grim father in a

For several years the drawing which heads our Mission Department has come from the pen of Fr. Joachim Beckes, C.P.—now of Wuki, Hunan. His exceptional piece this month is done in Chinese style. He has, besides, introduced a unique note in using authentic Chinese "characters" to form the lettering "Passionists in China." From a country in the throes of war and from a missionary engaged in active labor for souls comes a further proof that the arts are not neglected even on the frontiers of the Church.

high silk hat dispensing hospitality to the volunteer fire-brigade.

All these are but the wisps and wraiths that fitfully float across the vista of early recollections. But for long afterwards, all during the years of growing boyhood, I carried with me an abiding dread of fire by night that continued to haunt the chambers of my memory until finally forgotten in the multiple distractions and widening responsibilities of early manhood.

Again, in mature years, and in far different surroundings, was I destined once more to hear that heart-rending cry. It is a balmy night in

late spring and the Mission at Yüan-ling lies fast asleep. First, troubled dreams in which the mingled thunderous hammerings, frenzied shouts, and a painful effort at emergence from the oppressive din. Then, with shrieks of, "*Ch'i Hoa! Ch'i Hoa!, Fire! Fire!*" resounding in my ears, comes full awareness of the horror of the moment. Fire in the heart of a city in midmost China with nothing at hand but the most primitive equipment to fight the peril, the water supply remote and to be made available only by an organized line of water-porters kept to their task either by the hope of later remuneration or by the fear of their own humble habitations being swallowed up in the flames—this is dire dread indeed.

Time cannot dim the recollections of that wild night. The massive, two-story, brick convent going up in flames with the incredible speed of an ignited haymow; the desperate fight waged by the priests of the Mission, our Catholic men and an untold number of loyal friends among the townsfolk to save the big church; the unbroken belt of water-carriers stretching from the Mission to the river and back again that kept the city's two small fire-engines working; the amazing energy of the director of the local board of the



Junior Seminarians
on a hike near the
City of Yüanling,
Hunan

Bureau of Public Safety as he leads the effort to save the church; the promptness and efficiency of the military in running a cordon around the Mission-compound and so bringing order out of an impossible confusion; the group of children and old women—the blind, the halt and the maimed—bewildered by this sudden loss of their only shelter, huddled together with their few rescued belongings in the lower corridor of the Mission rectory presenting a picture of hapless, unmitigated woe: Mass before the dawn, while the ruins of the convent still burn fiercely, in honor of St. Agatha, protectress against fire, in thanksgiving for the preservation of the church. These incidents stand out clear and vivid; the picture they present shall never fade.

THUS the impressions of the first fire were once more called back to life—impressions that for many years had lain abeyant somewhere in the inmost recesses of the mind but had never quite vanished away. The midnight burning of the Yüanling convent awoke in me a profounder apprehension of this ever-present menace that stealthily and relentlessly prowls the Oriental night.

Once more, and for the third time, the same harrowing occurrence. Always these experiences have been at dead of night when sleep is deepest. In my troubled dreams begins an attack upon the city-gate; noisily troops are being rushed to the defense; in some way I am in the midst of the melee though I don't seem able to grasp just what part I am taking in this headless confusion. I am very close to the gate now and it is yielding; no, it is my own door that is being bombarded and the panels are being broken in. It is a familiar voice, albeit strained

and tense, that is sounding this abrupt reveille. There can be no longer doubt that it is Father Reginald calling, "Bishop, Bishop, the seminary is on fire!" I believe my head came instantaneously from the pillow and as I automatically reached for my clothing, I heard myself utter in a voice scarcely recognizable, so charged was it with a sense of this new disaster, the brief, emphatic protestation, "Oh, no!"

A strange phenomenon. The first fearful shock did not stun; on the contrary it aroused every latent faculty of the mind. In that short space, a matter of but seconds only, all the factors in the threatening calamity came as clearly before me as though I had pondered them long and in great detail. Two antique Chinese houses, for the most part of wood, their boards and beams dried by many a torrid summer, must be as tinder before any blaze; the Seminary in ruins and no place to quarter the staff and the students at a time when war conditions prevent all building operations; the painful anxiety lest the flames leap the boundary wall and spread the conflagration throughout the neighboring section of the town; the vexatious litigations to follow with clamorous and accusatory fire-sufferers; the loss of the chapel—but two converted rooms of an old pagan home, 'tis true—that in some way had caught and held the spirit of peace and devotion so often wanting in the most pretentious and elaborate fanes; the destruction of precious equipment and the long, anxious wait of many months before new supplies can be brought into the interior. At lightning speed each element in the danger now upon us raced before the eye like a moving-picture out of control.

This moment of sweeping illumination and detailed appreciation is

followed by a sort of mental numbness. Calamity stalks abroad and I have an intimate, dire part in it. What power is it that propels one to the scene of some great personal loss when every natural instinct tugs in the opposite direction? Anyway I find myself on the way to the Seminary, moved by I know not what inexorable force, though my feet are weighted with lead. There is growing hubbub in the street augmented by the creaking of doors on wooden hinges, the menacing bark of distracted dogs, the strident clang of many gongs reverberating their ominous alarm along the main thoroughfare and up dark, devious alleys.

As I look back now over the scene in the Seminary grounds, against the background of dark, smoky confusion streaked by the pale light of hurrying lanterns and cut by the occasional gleam of a passing flashlight, I see the figure of Father Leo, calm and unperturbed, as he watches over the chapel and living-quarters; Father Reginald and the seminarians in the thick smoke being doused by cascades of bilgy water and all lustily wielding mattocks; a number of Catholic young men, some catechumens, fighting the fire with the same might and main that they would expend in defending their own homes; an elderly gentleman (his kind is always to be found at fires) who insists on telling all and sundry that he was the first to hear the crackling of the smouldering flames, the first to smell the smoke, the first to pound on the Seminary gate and the first (yes, he is certain on this point for he had heard the city watchman go by just a short time before and old Ching, the barber, who always hears everything, is visiting his son in the country) to give the general alarm—he had his big moment and he lived it.

FATHER REGINALD tells the stirring story of the Seminary fire and how the blaze was worsted in the end. Promptness, courage, determination, all played their human part; too much credit cannot be given to those whose gallant fight saved the day and prevented a possible widespread disaster. But that higher forces were present too, supporting and directing, I have not the slightest doubt. Drop a match into stubble and who can quench the flame; give fire its headway in such an inflammable building and what reasonable hope is there that it can be extinguished! Despite the tongues of flame that but a short while before had been leaping out the lat-

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ticed windows and lapping the cornice of the building, the Seminary still stood intact.

When Moses "saw that the bush was on fire and was not burnt" he knew that he stood on holy ground and that the Lord was nigh. And as I stood watching the smouldering

embers of the one gutted classroom I felt strangely awed and filled with a growing wonder as one in the presence of some preternatural power. Here was something very close indeed to a miracle. As I came away I carried with me the firm conviction that in some mysterious way

Providence had intervened to save us from a great calamity and a heavy financial loss. Tangible sanction had thus been given to the admonition of the Psalmist, "His truth shall compass thee with a shield: thou shalt not be afraid of the terror of the night."

When Fire Strikes Home

By REGINALD ARLISS, C.P.

IT WAS well past midnight. In fact the clock had just struck two. Deep silence prevailed everywhere, save for the stifled sound of *crack, crack, crack*, occurring at frequent intervals. Next came the noise of shuffling feet, the mumbling of human voices followed by a banging of doors, a shattering of glass, the barking of dogs, flashing of lights; then came loud shouts of surprise, mingled with the clanging of weird gongs. Soon the whole place was in a uproar. The occasion of the excitement was this:

"Something woke me, as I lay there fast asleep in the seminary dormitory," said Ignatius Lee, the seminarian. "I don't know what it was. I had a strange feeling that all was not well. I heard faint sounds coming from below. As I lay there my thoughts grew into suspicions. And my suspicions grew into fears as the sounds became more audible. I jumped out of bed, looked out the window, and there I saw the wall of the compound colored with a vivid red. It was a reflection on the wall and it meant only one thing: there was a fierce fire burning in the story below me. Down the stairs I rushed, woke up the Rector, Father Leo, ran back to the dormitory and aroused the other seminarians, telling them of the fire and exhorting them to hurry and help put out the blaze." It seems providential that the seminarian awoke at the time that he did.

Meanwhile there came a loud knock at my door. "Who's there?" I asked.

"Father Leo," came the reply. "Get up quickly and come."

"Strange words, these, at this time of the night," I said to myself. I threw off the bedclothes, jumped to my feet and dressed quickly. There were noises coming from every direction, shuffling of feet overhead and shouting of voices outside. I had

the suspicion that the place had been robbed. When I opened the door a voice came out of the dark: "The house is on fire. Please run up to the Mission and arouse the Bishop and priests and have them come down at once."

There was no time for questions. I immediately started for the Mission—an unpleasant errand indeed. Just as I was leaving through the gate I looked back to catch a glimpse of the fire. A strange feeling ran through me as I glanced at huge tongues of fire pouring out of the classroom windows and madly surging upward to the lattice work on the second story. The unruly flames seemed to me more like diabolical monsters mocking and defying the power of man. How terrible fire can become when unharnessed! It is one thing to see the house of a neighbor on fire, but quite another thing to behold one's own home enveloped in wild flames.

What a feeling!—a strange fear of the inevitable destruction we were destined for if the flames were not beaten back and conquered. Here in Yuanling the houses are thickly crowded together through acres of

space—something like the long rows of tenement houses found in small industrial towns, built for the employees of large business corporations. When fire starts in any sector of these lengthy buildings dozens of families are endangered, for home is separated from home only by a thin plaster or wooden wall. Here it is the same.

Out through the gate I ran up the dark, narrow street, with a hundred bewildering thoughts crowding into my mind. Perhaps I was too pessimistic at the time, or perhaps I can blame it on the suddenness of it all. Arriving at the Mission—a hundred yards away—I pounded on the outer gate until I woke the watchman and told him to get help and hurry down to the seminary. Next I hastened to the front door of the house, rang the bell furiously, hurried to the rear of the house, stood under the Bishop's window and called.

Just then Father Linus appeared on the scene asking what I was doing around there at that hour of the night. His tone of voice and manner of walking gave me to understand that I should not be too excited but make haste slowly. His

Bishop O'Gora, C.P., stands for Wuki with the young Seminarians



genial, jolly personality at this time, as on other occasions, seemed to quiet the situation to some extent. Of course such philosophy is the best, but not all can put it into practice in times such as this. At any rate, all the house was soon astir, and a few minutes later all were down at the scene of the flames. One of the reasons for waking the clergy was to get their assistance. Father Leo had visions of the seminary razed to the ground. What could be salvaged must be gotten out of the burning building as quickly as possible. Moreover someone must stand by to prevent theft, because at every fire there are sure to be some questionable characters who are ready to make away with whatever is handy.

How different were things as I returned to the seminary. On the street there were excited crowds of people running to and fro. And to add to the uproar, a man ran up and down the roadway beating a heavy brass gong to arouse the sleeping inhabitants. But I judge there was no need of the gong. The commotion on the street was sufficiently loud to wake a man slumbering on the neighboring hillside. The sound of this instrument is weird and indeed unwelcome to the people of Yuanling. They know that it has only one meaning when it beats in the middle of the night—a warning of danger. And so they arise with fear, expecting the worst when the blaze is located nearby. There is an additional reason for consternation. The person in whose home the fire had started is liable to a considerable fine or a short term of imprisonment even though the fire is accidental. A severe law indeed, but necessary for the safety of life and home in such a crowded city as this.

When I reached the seminary ground I saw a crowd of people standing inside the walls, gazing at the flames. Inside the building there were dozens of men and boys helping to combat the fire. The classroom was a veritable furnace, sending its unruly flames up into the store-room above. Fortunately in the kitchen there were two large stone urns filled with water, and in the rear of the property there was an old well that served its purpose that night. Both urns and well were drained dry. What would the fire fighters do now? They must have water. One man suggested borrowing the water from the well of the Buddhist monastery next door. Off the firemen ran, returning with full buckets swinging from poles slung



They almost lost their home. New brick quarters would be much safer for these seminarians

over their shoulders. During all this the crowd stood by giving their moral support by timely suggestions.

The fire was making such headway that the carriers decided to bring the water to the second story of the building. They threw the contents of the buckets wherever they saw smoke, but that method proved of little avail. The fire grew steadily. The heat and smoke became so intense that it sent the fire fighters back on their heels several times. Finally a half dozen of the more able-bodied young men set to work to tear up the floorboards on the second floor. This accomplished they would push through the ceiling and the rest would be easy. They used mattocks, hatchets, picks, and whatever other instruments were handy. Meanwhile there were numbers of buckets of water being lined along the wall, waiting to be thrown down through the rent in the floor.

The big push succeeded. *Crash! Bang!* and down went the ceiling. The success was accompanied by a loud shout of victory. There was a mad scramble for the full pails. *Swish, splash!* And another splash and another. Torrents of water went down through the big gap. If the men above had a grudge on the fire fighters below, it was a favorable opportunity to get even. What epithets passed through the lips of the victims below as the icy streams drenched them to the skin would not make the most delectable printing matter. At any rate the soaking was taken in good spirit, and the stiff fight against the blaze went on. All Chinese country fires are about the same. You are sure to find a smattering of comedy even in the most tragical moments.

As the boards of the floor were torn up, as the beams of the side walls were knocked down, they opened to the gaze of the firemen

nests of flames all around them. Half an hour passed and the flames became controllable. An hour and a half elapsed and the fire was reduced to a few stubborn embers.

Here was a proof of the loyalty of the Christians. As soon as the alarm was given they hastened to the fire to offer what assistance they could. Indeed the great majority of them are ever ready to sacrifice themselves for the priests and Sisters, particularly in the time of a crisis.

When the fire fighters returned home that night they were happy, not only because they had done a noble deed but also because they hoped—and they were not mistaken—that a substantial remuneration would be forthcoming.

INVESTIGATION as to the cause of the fire led to the supposition that a spark had darted from the bottom of the stove, lodged in a crack in the floor and had eaten its way into the dry wood, thus developing into greater proportions as the minutes went on. It is believed that the burning began at least two hours before it was discovered. Fortunately the classroom was tightly closed and the smoke, to some extent, served as a deterrent to its own fire. There must have been a terrific heat in the classroom, for the windows were cracked in a zigzag fashion in a thousand places. As the fire slowly ate its way through the walls, it opened air passages. Thereupon the flames stretched upward and devoured everything in their way.

The fire was the occasion of gratitude on our part to God for sparing us the seminary building. Had the flames been detected fifteen minutes later, undoubtedly we would be living under another roof today. Accordingly on the next morning the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was thrice offered in thanksgiving.



THIS is going to be a difficult story to tell. Where shall I begin? I was a young man when it happened and now I am verging on three-score-and-ten—that takes Memory back a long way, and she is a tricky dame at the best.

I think I had better start with my reasons for going to Selton Abbas. It was on account of the first dream that I had—the first, did I say?—well, at any rate it was the dream that brought it about. I had been working all day at the Library, hunting up ancient history in musty volumes, which was my hobby. (I worked in the Nineteenth Century and took my recreation in the Middle Ages.) When I went home to bed I dreamt a dream.

It was a most fantastic dream. I dreamt that I went to Victoria Station with a feeling that it would be rather interesting to take a train which would convey me away into the Past—so much more amusing than the ordinary jaunt. I selected a train without asking its destination. Things are wonderfully simplified in dreams, and it landed me in due course at a tiny wayside station where I disembarked and found a stage coach with a fine team of horses awaiting me. I continued my journey in the coach. The roads became rougher and

rounger until they could only be negotiated by a wagon drawn by oxen. The coach had by that time changed into a vehicle of that description, so all was well.

When the journey came to an end I found myself (my bones sore with the rheumatism of my waking moments) standing on a stretch of greensward in front of a gray stone building. I guessed it to be a monastery and I was right, for soon I noticed a young monk standing there. He was looking at me with curiosity. Perhaps I had trespassed on Enclosure? The atmosphere of the place was extraordinarily peaceful. It was the kind of thing that one can only touch in a dream. In a dream, I take it, our shadows get some knowledge of the substances that cast them. I walked up to the young monk and asked him the name of the place. He understood my speech all right (dreams don't bother about those details). He answered: "Selton Abbas."

I was about to ask a further question—the date of the year into which my adjustable traveling had receded me—when a bell started clanging. The clanging went on and got louder until I woke up to the hideous but efficient call of my alarm clock.

That was the dream. It possessed the dream-property of haunting one's waking moments. I repeated the name to myself—"Selton Abbas." I did not usually dream names. No doubt it was one that I had come across in my researches and subconsciously retained for purposes of dream plagiarism. The goddess of dreams is a light-fingered lady.

It must have been years later that I was lying on my couch turning over the pages of the Railway Company's Book of Holiday Haunts, deciding where I should go to escape the existing world after a fairly bad illness, when I came across the name Selton Abbas.

"Selton Abbas?" It was vaguely familiar. It possessed an aroma—a magic. Then it came back to me. I recalled my dream. So there really was a place called Selton Abbas!

Would it really be the Selton Abbas of my dream? It would be fun to go and find out. I read the advertisement. "Accommodation at Monken Farm." Selton Abbas, it appeared was in the heart of Shakespeare's country. I liked farmhouse accommodation. One can talk to the live stock without incurring the annoyance of an answer; and farmer's wives are generally too busy to want to gossip like ordinary landladies. One can always dodge the farmer, who is a busy person, too.

Monken Farm was a delightful prefix to Selton Abbas. I lay on my couch and pictured it with my mind's eye. Was it the place which I had visited in my dream, or did that place still remain over the confines of a devastatingly matter-of-fact world?

I had recaptured the magic of my dream. Life was devoid of all magic for me in those days. That was why I took refuge in the things of a dead past. In things that never could live in the age in which Fate had deposited me—the age of enlightenment. The mediaevals could give the devil a long tail and laugh at him while believing in his existence. For me the existence of evil was an unanswerable conundrum. I was forever asking the question that the man Friday asked of Robinson Crusoe: "Why did God make the devil?" I came to the entirely grim conclusion that the devil made himself.

THEN and there I made up my mind to go for my convalescence to Monken Farm.

I have no clear recollection of my preparations, or of the journey, except that I had a lingering feeling that my train might be in league with the powers that take one to places not to be found on the map.

As a matter of fact it landed me at a station called Selton Magna from which I had a three-mile tramp to Selton Abbas through the most enchanting woods. It was June and the birds were at the top of their song. I wondered if I should find ruins still existing of the Abbey from which the

Selton for which I was heading took its name. Of course it would be ruins, not the monastery itself, the monastery that I had seen in my other dream—I had the queer feeling that I was dreaming still. Selton Abbas was placing a kind, fatherly hand on my shoulder already. It might even put me into a mood to tweak the devil's tail. I found a pile of crumbling stones and half an arch out in the meadow beyond the woods. I sat on a stone and rested. Yes, certainly the atmosphere of peace was here all right.

I found Monken Farm entirely delightful. It was plainly part of the old monastic property. My farmer's wife was a cheery lady, the soul of kindness. There was so much of the "buxom dame" about her that I was not surprised when she told me with some pride that she belonged to the old Faith. Her face lost its habitual cheeriness when she added that her husband had given up his religion. She seemed to have made up her mind that I would be sympathetic. I suppose she took my interest in the ancient things as a sign that I was a robust member of the old Faith.

"There is a nice Catholic gentleman coming at the week-end," she told me. "That'll be company for you."

I remember making a picture in my perturbed mind of the nice Catholic gentleman. I figured to myself a liturgical personage who would denounce modern church music and the lack of ingenuity in the Friday menu.

"He comes from London," she told me. "He is a city gentleman. Gracechurch Street, E.C., is one of his addresses. He often comes here. He is very fond of Nature, and a very good Catholic gentleman."

There was a whimsical touch about the juxtaposition of Gracechurch Street and Nature. I preferred ferns and fauna to liturgical reform, so I hoped the naturalist would predominate, even though it meant a stuffy party with a microscope.

SELTON Abbas had got me in its grip by the time my fellow-guest appeared. It was a kind place, and I had it all to myself. The ducks and drakes were conversationally perfect—they let me do it all—and I made friends with the sheep dog, who, however, had very little time to play. The woods had an enchantment all their own. Malory's knights became as matter-of-fact as gentlemen from Gracechurch Street in these surroundings, and King Arthur as actual as Queen Victoria!

Talking of gentlemen from Gracechurch Street, when my fellow guest glided into the picture he was far from being faithful to type. He was

an elderly man, thin and rather puckish in appearance, with eyebrows that gave character to his attractively plain face. I can remember that he always wore a shabby blue serge suit. I could not place Gracechurch Street anywhere about him. I could better fit him with a cap and bells and a variegated doublet. I fell to asking myself the question whether the Abbot of Selton had kept a jester, like some of his ilk.

It is curious, but after all these years I can still remember our first conversation almost word for word.

We discussed Selton Abbas, and I can remember him remarking, as I spoke of the strange atmosphere of the place,

"Yes, one has to dream in order to be alive at Selton Abbas."

After that he asked me how I came to hear of it, and I could not withhold the obvious answer.

"I dreamt it," I said—"visited it in a dream. And afterwards I was delighted to find it was in the Guide-book."

He asked me—he had become intensely interested—did I find the actual Selton Abbas anything like the place of my dream? I was moved to the bold rejoinder:

"Is there an actual Selton Abbas?"

His eye, under the expressive eyebrow, twinkled. "Surely there is," he said. "If the angels were to make a map of Xshire they would mark Selton Abbas large, although they might very easily overlook Screwhampton."

I remembered that I was speaking to a "good Catholic gentleman." I also remembered—and marvelled—that he came from Gracechurch Street, London.

After that "gambit" I got on amazingly well with my fellow-guest. He fitted exactly into Selton Abbas; almost as well as the monk in my dream.

We strolled through the woods together and he told me some of the quaint legends connected with the place. There was one that I seemed to have heard before. It was documented by an ancient stone monument, and told how, once upon a time a monk who was carrying the Sacred Host to a dying man, as he rode through the dark night, had the terrible misfortune to drop the pyx, which was suspended round his neck. The horrified monks issued forth on a forlorn hope to search the ground over which he had ridden; and lo! after a while they came upon a space upon which a light was shining, and round about which the beasts and the birds were circled, the former with bent knees. In the centre, on the spot of light, was the missing pyx.

"Such a thing could easily have

happened at Selton Abbas," my friend remarked when he told me the story. "In London they prefer stories of poltergeists throwing about tea-cups. Personally I sympathize with the mediaevals. No mediaeval ever dreamt of preserving a story that hadn't a meaning, a moral, as we say. The present day seems to find its 'mystery' in the lack of a why and wherefore."

I asked him, a little later:

"Doesn't Gracechurch Street strike you as rather a fantastic place when you are down here?"

He smiled. His left eyebrow became expressive.

"I believe it's there all right," he said. "The office I work in is on the site of the nunnery of Our Lady of Grace. London City has still got its guardian spirits. It's real."

"I have always found it rather a hard fact," I said. I could not get over the quaintness of associating him with Gracechurch Street. It was almost like the incongruities that form the stuff of dreams.

He was on excellent terms with all the live creatures that we came across in the woods; and even with the trees themselves.

I asked him one day if he believed in nature spirits.

"I believe that the *Benedicite* is an inspired song," was his answer.

EVERYTHING that has life has a certain capacity for praising its Maker. With Man there is the outstanding difference that he can refuse to do so. He can say, like Lucifer, 'I will not!'

And then he added: "If Nature had a will of her own we should be walking through a very ugly variation of our present surroundings."

"I'm glad the Creator did not bestow the gift of free will on Nature," was my comment. "But why did He give it to Man?"

My companion answered. "He summed up the consequences," he said, "and He found it worthwhile."

We passed out of the singing woods, as I had come to call them. I think it was on that occasion. Over in the meadow leading to the farm we caught sight of four men carrying a hurdle with a figure stretched upon it. I had seen such a sight before in the hunting field. I knew that there had been an accident—that tragedy had intruded itself upon this place of peace; and with the suddenness which is so typical of life. It proved to be the husband of our kind hostess. He had been thrown from his horse and mortally injured.

I have a rather blurred recollection of all that followed. The doctor was sent for; and then the priest.

"I thought that the poor fellow had

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given up his religion," I can remember saying to my companion. "What does he want with a priest?"

He answered:

"We all want the priest at the end. God is infinitely patient, and He sends the priest along—with the Viaticum."

But it appeared that on this occasion the priest was not coming.

They waited. A messenger had been sent to the Presbytery some two miles away and had returned with word that the priest was following on; but no priest arrived on the scene. An hour passed, then another.

The farmer, they told us, was almost at his last breath, and the poor wife frantic with grief.

I hid myself from it all in the woods. My fellow-guest found me out there. He had a terrible story to tell me. The priest had at last arrived—with a broken head and in a state of semi-collapse. He had had an encounter with a thief on the road. The latter had knocked him on the head and robbed him of the solid gold pyx in which he was carrying the Blessed Sacrament. The robber had made off leaving his victim stunned by the blow. When the Father came to he realized what had happened. It was a worse shock than the blow on his head. But he did not forget that there was a soul waiting to make its peace with God. Exerting all his strength he managed to drag himself to his destination. He still had the holy oils and the dying man had made his confession and been anointed.

"The man who robbed him must have known of the existence of the pyx. He must have been a regular Judas Iscariot. It was a very valuable one, studded with jewels."

My companion ended by saying, "but thanks be to God, the priest was in time."

He left me, to return to the farm. I suppose there would have been all the business of communicating with the police.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon. The birds were singing rapturously—a tangled song that should have been discordant only that the very discord was harmonious in this world of unviolated nature. I felt myself to be the one discordant note. I was asking myself the same old question: Why should evil exist? I asked it more than ever as I looked on a creation which so nearly resembled the "rustic story" of the Garden of Eden.

There was a grim contrasting realism about what was happening over at the farm. I thought of the house with the shadow of death over it. Of the brutal assault on the man

who was serving a death-bed. Hard, ugly facts had intruded themselves into the dream that was Selton Abbas.

But the birds continued their song. I called to mind what my mystic from London City had said about the *Benedicite*. I had sung it myself often enough as a boy. I had been particularly fond of it. But the paradoxes of Faith had become to me contradictions. They were intended for the ages of Faith, when discords harmonized like the song of the woods.

I walked slowly on. And as I did so I suddenly became aware that the birds had stopped singing. A complete

silence had fallen on the place. I caught sight of a robin. He was perched on a twig. His behavior was peculiar. Something in the undergrowth had attracted his attention. His bright little eye was fixed on a certain spot. I seemed to catch sight of something white. I brushed past where he was sitting to get a closer view, but he never budged. He just sat there and watched.

I knelt down and felt in the undergrowth. I possessed myself of a small white object which had been carefully placed there, as though to be hidden from view. It proved to be a



I walked up to the young monk and asked him the name of the place

small square bag made of white silk upon which a sacred monogram was embroidered. A silken cord was attached to it. I recognized it at once as a bag in which the priest places the pyx when he carries the Sacred Host to a sick person.

It was not difficult to guess what had happened. The thief who had robbed the good Father must have made his escape through the woods. He had disposed thus of the bag, as a thief disposes of an empty purse from which he has taken the money.

I knelt there holding the flat piece of silk in my hand. No need to look inside to know that it was empty. Strange thoughts came into my mind. The birds were still silent and did not interrupt them. It was pitiful, infinitely pitiful. This was the garment of a God who had come from Heaven in response to the tardy invitation of one of His creatures; and on the journey he had been waylaid and maltreated—frustrated, slain.

How could Faith face the horror of the scattering of its Hosts? And then, suddenly, there surged up in my heart a challenge. A challenge not to Faith but to its dark enemy, Doubt.

It was so stupendous, the Act of Faith. It had been made so because it was within the power of Man to achieve it. It lay within his competence to say, "I will," or "I will not."

I WAS already on my knees in the posture of adoration.

The robin watched me. The wind held its breath and the trees waited. I bent my head over the scrap of white silk which had been the garment of a King.

I murmured words from the long-forgotten *Benedicite. Benedicite, filii hominum Domino*: "Praise the Lord, ye sons of men."

I stood up on my feet. The birds had started singing again. The fresh breeze was blowing through the green boughs. My robin sent up a long, shrill note as he flew off—more like that of a lark.

"*Benedicite omnes opera*," Nature seemed to be crying out. The anthem had been rounded off and perfected. The song of the singing woods had, after all, been a "seeking note." I had completed the scale, with a note that contained the harmonies of Heaven.

I was interrupted. My companion was standing at my side. He had looked back and seen me, and wondered what I was up to.

I showed him my discovery—the little white bag which I held in my hand—the pitiful thing from which had issued the gigantic challenge.

"Take it and give it to the priest," I told him. "I'll stay here. We must not lose sight of the place."

The Flower

GLENN WARD DRESBACH

By chance I found it, blooming in a place
Of weeds and briars by a fallen gate
Where wind had sown—but in that flower's face,
For me, was more than gardens can create.
There beauty held its own beside the thorn,
With vines and shaggy burrs; it lifted through
Untouched, and still unspoiled by any scorn
For things in that green chaos where it grew.

Since then I am reminded where I go—
At some drab window on a narrow street,
In eyes that cannot turn before I know,
On lips that may be silent when we meet . . .
That flower bloomed in unexpected ground—
And you may think of others you have found!

He took it, flung the cord over his shoulders, and buttoned his coat over it, as a priest does.

I watched him walk away. He seemed more than ever to be part of his surroundings—the woods whose harmonies remained undisturbed.

I sat down for a while on the ancient stones in the meadow, near the ruined archway. Then I followed him to the house.

He met me on the threshold. The dying man had fallen into unconsciousness; but just before doing so he had been able to receive holy Viaticum.

He watched my face. "You did not look inside the bag?" he said.

"No, it was empty."

"It was not," he made reply. "The Sacred Host was there, although the pyx had been taken. That thief is not past praying for."

I remained silent. So the King had been wearing His garment when I touched its hem. And surely virtue had gone out from Him into my soul?

So, in spite of all, Love had achieved its journey. The Creator had found His way to the creature who had waited till the very end to desire Him. . . . Love must needs wait for the invitation, or else what has man to give? I stood there solving the problem which one of the most wonderful of the mediaevals had solved five hundred years ago when she wrote: "It behooved sin to be."

That ends my story. I am speaking of many, many years ago and I have but a hazy recollection of what followed. I must have left Monken Farm

that same day; it was no place for a stranger in the circumstances. I remember that as I walked through the woods for the last time the birds were singing at the top of their voices their mixed and meddled song; and that the song in my heart made one great harmony of many mixed and discordant things, for I knew that it was in the power of Man to sound a note the sounding of which made all that Christ saw in Gethsemane worthwhile.

I have never been back to Selton Abbas. It was no longer in Holiday Haunts when I looked it up. The farm might well have changed hands. I have walked down Gracechurch Street many times hoping to meet the mystic who did his accounts there, but I have never done so. As I think of him now it is as wearing the cap and bells rather than the blue serge suit, and I feel convinced that the Abbot of Selton kept a jester.

Some day before I die I may go back to see if Selton Abbas is really there. Or perhaps I may dream of it again? That would be quite good, for they say that one has to dream in order to be alive in Selton Abbas. At any rate, there is something in what the mediaevals felt about the truth of a story being in its meaning, or moral—it's why and wherefore—and one concrete fact has been firmly established: I know now that Robinson Crusoe could have answered the question of the man Friday if he had been to Selton Abbas—and with an answer that would have set the vaults of Heaven a-ringing.

The Oil Press

To Kneel With Christ in the Agony of Gethsemane is the Price of That Abundant Life Which Results From Incorporation Into the Mystical Body of Christ

By IGNATIUS RYAN, C.P.

CHISTIANITY turned the ancient world upside down. It gave it not only an astounding religion but also in the course of time an astonishing culture. The culture has not always been understood and appreciated by those who rejected or still reject the religion. Nevertheless it has colored the whole of human life since the days of Christ. There are names, personalities and symbols connected with it which have become universal commonplaces of speech. Many times these expressions and allusions are no more completely understood than Christianity itself, yet behind them lie tremendous truths.

The world, for instance, speaks of "a Judas" or "an Annas;" of "whited sepulchres;" of "carrying one's cross;" of "turning the other cheek."

One of the commonest of these expressions is "to go through one's Gethsemane." Here the implication is that one has sounded the lowest depths of sorrow of which a particular life is capable. Sorrow has stood upon a soul, trampled it, crushed it, ground it, until it is drained of happiness, of hope, of life. Only the poor bruised pulp of what was a merry, blithesome being remains.

Men use the word carelessly, with some sense of the aptness of the expression, but with no realization whatever of the horror Gethsemane really was.

A harmless word indeed. Gethsemane. An "oil press" in the language of Christ and His countrymen in Palestine. As familiar a sight to them as a cider mill or a wine press to many moderns. In fact, not so unpleasant and messy.

Nor was the spot in Palestine so expressly designated in the time of

Christ ugly or repulsive. The *New York Times* in its Palm Sunday edition this year carried a picture of it in a winter setting that was a delightful camera study. Gethsemane was a garden situated at the foot of the western slope of the Mount of Olives and overlooking a tiny brook called the Kedron. The Mount itself, three hundred feet high, was covered with olive trees which spread themselves down into the garden. Everything about the place suggested peace. Except for the press or mill which stood in a secluded corner of the garden no hint was given of the crushing, grinding process which drained the last drop of oil from the broken olives.

Indeed, an olive orchard under the

full moon at that very hour of the night when Christ came face to face with the black horror of Gethsemane is an impressive and calmly beautiful sight. The hush that lies upon each branch and twig is almost preternatural in its stillness. Not a leaf stirs; no human step is heard; even the birds seem to have forsaken their solitary nests. The great gnarled and twisted boles of the trees, each thrust into its own pool of moonlight, sprawl their shadows in fantastic shapes against the dark rocks and upon the bright interlacing limestone paths. The branches of the trees, like traceried leaden mullions, catch the silver of the moon, the grayish green of the faded leaves and fuse them like bits of colored glass into a strange pattern of mystery and awe.

Such was the spot fixed upon by eternal decree to be the silent amphitheatre of the most awful struggle in history—the mental crucifixion and consequent sweat of blood of the God-Man, Jesus Christ. The mere approach to a consideration of the subject fills one with a sense of things above and beyond man's comprehension. We are in the midst of a horror the effects of which can be recognized, but its full import never grasped. It was a struggle in which Divinity came to grips and wrestled with Humanity until It flung it to the ground and wrung from it the piteous cry: ". . . not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

To understand a little of what took place in that garden known as "The Oil Press" one must bear in mind the meaning of the Incarnation. By the Incarnation God's only Son became Man, while not ceasing to be God, in order as the Head and Representative of the hu-



Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane

man family to make a divinely valuable atonement for sin. We cannot comprehend sufficiently what such atonement means, but we have some inkling of it here in the terribly deceptive peace of Gethsemane on the night before Christ died. Here in nature's own startling contrasts of light and darkness we sense something of the ineffable Majesty, the Beauty, the Calm, the Truth and Purity that is God and here we see clashing with Him the degradation, the foulness, the insufferable putrefaction of soul with which sin had invested man.

CATHOLIC theologians, well versed in the exact meaning of the words with which the Evangelists describe Christ's agony in the garden, assign three distinct reasons for the terrible anguish of soul which swept over Him and which in His effort to conquer drove the blood from His veins until it soaked His clothes and dripped down from His face upon the ground. The chief of these causes was His realization that He, the immaculate and sinless God-Man, must take upon Himself the staggering load of filth which is man's iniquity and make expiation to His Father for it.

St. Paul the Apostle does not minimize the truth nor shrink from the dread reality when he tells us: "Him who knew no sin He hath made sin for us, that we might be made the justice of God in Him." (*II Cor. 5:21*)

It is true that sin was not transferred from us to Him. He was neither sinner nor sin personally, but in Him as Representative of the human race, mankind was to make reparation to Divinity for its rebellion against God and His laws.

The human mind, warped and distorted by familiarity with sin, fails to comprehend its nature and therefore cannot fathom the depths of shame to which Christ's position as Representative of a sinful race reduced Him in the sight of His own Divinity. Cardinal Newman gives us some glimpse of the horror in his sermon on the "Mental Sufferings of Our Lord in His Passion." "There . . . in that most awful hour, knelt the Saviour of the world . . . opening His arms, baring His breast, sinless as He was, to the assault of His foe—of a foe whose breath was a pestilence, and whose embrace was an agony. There He knelt, motionless and still, while the vile and horrible fiend clad His spirit in a robe steeped in all that is hateful and heinous in human crime, which clung close round His heart, and filled His conscience, and found its way into every sense and pore of His

mind, and spread over Him a moral leprosy, till He almost felt Himself to be that which He could never be. . . . Oh, the horror, when He looked, and did not know Himself, and felt as a foul and loathsome sinner, from His vivid perception of that mass of corruption which poured over His head and ran down even to the skirts of His garments! Oh, the distraction, when He found His eyes, and hands, and feet, and lips, and heart, as if members of the Evil One, and not of God!"

Here we must note another factor entering into His agony. Although God, He was nevertheless a true man. Man shrinks from expiation. So did Christ. Sinful man could be cleansed, purified, again made glorious. But the price was death. Christ's own death.

Catholic tradition has it that Christ's agony lasted three hours. The point is of little consequence. To Christ it must have been one awful moment. He Who had called Himself "the Son of God" and "the Son of Man" was caught in a press. As God His Divinity demanded retribution for sin; as Man His Humanity cried out that the retribution be stayed.

The claims of His Divinity which would not be denied, the mortal dread of His Humanity which stared terror-stricken into the face of Divine Justice and Wrath, caught Him between the upper and nether stones of a mill. Slowly, inexorably, they began to grind. Death, His death, was the price of expiation. Divinity pressing, Humanity straining. Not this! Not death! Not the destruction of this Perfect Man—the Masterpiece of His own creation. ". . . Father, if it be possible. . . ." No, it was not possible. ". . . nevertheless. . . ."

Beads of sweat stood out upon the pale Face. Imploring Eyes closed in supreme surrender to His love for God and His love for man. The majestic Form that had knelt upright and firm as granite slumped and pitched forward in the grass. ". . . not as I will, but as Thou wilt. . . . and His sweat became as drops of blood trickling down upon the ground."

THAT surrender in Gethsemane led Christ to Calvary and crucifixion. Only darkness and desolation confronted Him until He bowed His head in death. But for mankind it was the dawning of a new life and hope. It was the beginning of a rebirth. Out of the throes of Gethsemane and Calvary came a new creation—a living vital thing, hitherto unknown in the world. We call it "The Mystical Body of Christ." It is nothing more or less than His

Church. He is its Head; we who have received baptism into the Church are its members.

Like Christ Himself that Body has a mission in the world. The mission is identical with His and a continuation of it. It is the salvation of unregenerate humanity. But every mission involves a struggle and so the Mystical Body of Christ must taste the bitterness of pain, suffering, desolation and apparent defeat, as did Christ. Gethsemane, the oil press, still stands in the world—for every member of the Mystical Body individually and for the Body corporately—the prelude to countless Calvaries.

"To go through one's Gethsemane"—to have sorrow stand upon us, trample us, crush us, grind us—that is the price of membership in the Mystical Body of Christ. ". . . If any man will come after Me," He warns, ". . . let him take up his cross . . . and he that shall lose his life for My sake, shall find it."

LIFE, abundant with overflowing happiness, is the natural desire of the human heart; but mankind can never attain it except through the agony of Gethsemane and the crucifixion of Calvary. The upset and unrest of our generation do not come from political and economic causes alone. We must probe deeper. They come from man's innate craving to attain happiness without sacrifice. Christ is brushed aside, His Divinity denied, His Church accused of being the opiate of progressive humanity because He exposed the fallacy and deceit in the promise waved before men by the Communists and other pretentious world-reformers that in doing their own wills and pursuing their own ends without reference to their Creator men "shall become as gods."

Deep in his heart every man knows that Gethsemane with its oil press awaits him, whether he is willing to bow his head to it or not. Meanwhile it is up to us Catholics to make men see that it is only through the Blood that began to flow in Gethsemane and that was drained to the last drop on Calvary that happiness and peace can be restored to them. Membership in Christ's Mystical Body will bring them supernatural life, even though that life involves sacrifice, and it is only in proportion to their willing acceptance of that life with its Gethsemane and Calvary that happiness and peace will be restored to individuals, families and nations in the relatively imperfect fashion in which these things can be realized in a world of inevitable tears and unavoidable suffering.

Christianity, Riches and Poverty

Inequalities of Wealth and Opportunity Offend Us and Must Be Checked Because They Reflect the Power Over Us Derived From Great Accumulations of Money

By DOUGLAS JERROLD

THE CHALLENGE of the gospel of equality to Christian civilization has long been formidable, because inequality, sometimes glaring and always harsh, is the price which Western civilization has paid for liberty. Nor can we resolve the dilemma by glib and sanctimonious humbug about the responsibilities of riches and their burden. Extremes of wealth and poverty, the exploitation of man by man, are evil things, and the burden of wealth is carried not by the rich but by the poor.

The appeal of the gospel of equality has been heightened by the great wealth of many of the Christian Churches at different times and in different countries. Most of this wealth, more particularly that of the Catholic Church, has been stolen from them by now, but the taint of it remains, and there are even those who see in the plate and jewels held for the service of God by the great cathedrals a challenge to the ideal of Christian poverty. Should not these things be sold for much money and given to the poor?

As a matter of fact, when the spoliation of churches is undertaken, as it is at regular intervals in all countries, very little finds its way to the poor, and a very great deal into the pockets of the rich.

But this bald historical fact does not dispose of the problem. Has the Church the right to defend the existing inequality with its attendant hardships and in its own person to give them countenance by accumulating wealth, and thus enable some of its servants to live on a scale very far removed from the ideal of Christian poverty?

The first thing to be said on this point is that it is not necessary to defend the existing, or any earlier, economic system in order to refute the gospel of equality. The dilemma with which Catholics in particular are always being confronted is false. They are pilloried as defenders of Capitalism because they reject the principle of revolutionary socialism. The answer to this charge is perfectly simple. It is no more possible to defend Capitalism on Christian

grounds than it is to defend Communism. Both involve the invasion of essential human rights.

The Christian objection to the gospel of equality is different in kind from the Christian objection to the gospel of efficiency. Efficiency in the organization of material goods cannot be an end in itself for Christian men; it must take second place to the needs of the social organization necessary to enable men to lead Christian lives of their own free will and on their own responsibility.

Equality of wealth and opportunity is, on the other hand, a perfectly Christian ideal, but it can only be properly compassed by a process of social organization tending to make all men in fact equal. So long as men and women remain unequal in their endowments, equality can only be enforced from above by a régime which denies any kind of liberty. Egalitarian Socialism, or Communism, does not in fact bring about equality; it can only bring it about by artificial and tyrannical means, one of the results (and that the least important) which would come from real equality. You cannot, from above, make men equal. You can only give equal rewards for unequal work.

THE demand for this kind of equality, which is only, of course, a different kind of inequality, springs from the injustices of Capitalism, which also gives rewards out of all proportion to the work done. If we are going to have injustice, many good Christians say, let it be the kind of injustice which benefits the many and not the few.

On the material plane the answer to this is easy. Capitalism, for all its inequalities, has in fact benefited the many on a scale never before known. It has created immense reserves of wealth which are being used today to give innumerable benefits, material, educational and remedial, to all classes. These benefits are, however, being given from above—and as enjoyment comes not from use but from ownership, they are not greatly appreciated.

Nor does Capitalism leave us free to say in what form we shall take our dividend from the wealth accumulated under the system. We have to take it as it is doled out to us. Low wages, old age pensions, a fantastically expensive educational scheme, armies of officials inspecting our food, our water supply and our drains, magnificent roads, excellent soldiers, sailors, airmen and police.

How many of these things would be necessary if the people of this country had paid to them two-thirds of what they cost, say an additional fifteen dollars per family per week?

HOW much nearer should we come to breeding a race of men and women equally endowed if we doubled in this way the average family income and left all men of all classes with the responsibility of educating their children and providing for themselves in sickness and old age?

That, it will be said, is a dream. It could never actually happen. When people say that, they mean that it could never happen under International Capitalism. They are perfectly right. International Capitalism is based on free money. A Christian social order must be based on free men. The Communist social order denies freedom to men and money alike and confers it only on politicians.

I do not accept the view often heard on capitalist platforms that Communism necessarily means levelling down. I think it would almost certainly mean that in practice, because it would not be operated by experienced men, but in theory an Egalitarian State could distribute a great deal of goods and services. It must, however, in order to preserve equality, enforce consumption and dictate what men shall consume.

The money wage system is a bad system contrasted with the system of distributed ownership, but at least it preserves a limited freedom of choice to the consumer. We cannot decide how much we shall spend

on health and welfare services; the State decides that for us. But we can decide how to spend our own money income, as well as how to earn it. We can even become, and most of us do become, in a tiny way, capitalists, property owners and speculators, even if the capital is confined to a few bonds and the speculation to a few dollars on the dogs. Under a régime of equality we should get perhaps free movies and theatres; we should get cheaper books and possibly even quarters in free barracks. But we should not be able to call our bodies, let alone our souls, our own.

Communism is merely Capitalism carried to its logical conclusion; when the owners of capital, of the means of production, distribution and exchange, use these means to dictate to the rest of us how we shall live and what we shall eat. The difference is that under Communism the dictatorship becomes absolute, because under Communism there are not, as under Capitalism, rival capitalists between whom we can choose and bargain, and we can never become capitalists ourselves, even in a small way, and so improve our bargaining capacity.

What is unchristian about the present order is precisely that power of money to tyrannize, but under Communism that power becomes absolute and inescapable. And when I say unchristian I mean, and necessarily, contrary to human nature. No one, not even a starving man, grudges a famous film star or a great professional athlete his fortune and its enjoyment. And no Christian could or should condemn him for earning and spending his money.

WHAT human nature condemns is the power of money to control the productive resources and to dictate the terms on which they shall be made available. In other words, if we analyze our feelings it is not the amount of wealth which offends us but the power which wealth gives to control and to ration this world's goods. In other words, what decent and Christian people object to in great wealth is the way in which its owners approximate, in their power and the manner of its use, to the controllers of a Communist State.

But the Communist State, it will be argued, will be a democracy. We should control the rulers of such a state; we do not control the rich capitalist. It is curious how often one hears this singularly idiotic argument from apparently intelligent people. We are a democracy

already. We "control," in a sense, the government of our country. But we do not control the rich man; the rich man controls us.

How, when we have lost the rest of our freedom, when the politicians are no longer our servants but our masters, shall we be able to do better? The power that money enjoys is inherent. It is not conferred by right-wing politicians or associations of employers, and it cannot be taken away by left-wing politicians or associations of employees.

IF I own or control, under whatever title, all the economic resources of the United States, the inhabitants of the United States are my slaves, and they will remain the slaves of whosoever, whether by election as in the United States or by assassination as in Russia, succeeds me in control.

Only by keeping ownership distributed can we keep what remains of our freedom. Only by distributing it far more widely can we remedy the existing abuses.

It is the *power* of wealth, not its aggregate, which corrupts. The owner of a Raphael or a Velasquez is not corrupted by his wealth, although it may be valued at \$500,000. The small shopkeeper, who carries his livelihood in his own keeping, is not oppressed by poverty, even if he only makes twenty dollars a week. The dilemma of Christianity, faced with extremes of wealth and poverty, is not concerned with the contrast in amount, but with the insecurity and dependence of the wage earner, contrasted with the power and ambition and folly of the controllers of industrial capital. This dilemma springs largely from the nature of modern business, which is supposed to demand ever-increasing aggregates of capital (usually in the sacred name of "efficiency"), and which, as the result of this concentration of more and more eggs in larger and larger baskets, increases the general insecurity while it intensifies the inequalities.

To face this situation demands courage and conviction. Christianity has already won the battle of the Faith against the portentous and inexact assumptions of Victorian science. It has now to fight and win the battle against the economists who tell us, equally without evidence, that the immense aggregations of capital and the ever-increasing regimentation of humanity is necessary to the progress of modern industry.

It is not true. These things are

preached by the classes who wish to enslave us, and it is they, the bureaucrats and the would-be dictators, who inflame us against what they call "the rich" and ask us to place them not under our own but under their control.

It is hard, Christ tells us, for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but a rich man is a man who has something which he has not earned. The inmate of a Communist State, guaranteed his share of the world's goods and services irrespective of what he produces, is richer than many capitalists and will find the way of salvation equally hard. And the man who makes a living doing nothing more arduous than advocating the transfer of wealth from a rich man to a poor man will be even more hardly placed than most of us in the battle for the kingdom of heaven.

We have to work for a social system under which these inequalities will not be felt. Inequalities there must be, but the natural inequalities between man and man must not be allowed to operate so as to deprive the many of their independence and place them in bondage to the few. This is what has happened under Capitalism to fifty per cent of our people; under Communism it will happen to ninety-five per cent.

To reduce the volume of dependence is the essential social duty of all Christians. Let us, however, be careful, in the war against Capitalism and its kindred evil, Communism, not to appeal to or be inspired by, envy. It is we, the ordinary rank and file of the population, who are responsible for the rich as for the poor because we tolerate the system which produces both. We tolerate it because the complexity of modern life frightens us; we see that we are getting a tolerable amount of the good things of life, and we are afraid to disturb the intricate mechanism which produces this tolerable amount.

We must either resign ourselves and accept inequalities or be bold and take the risk of experiment to remove their causes. The only thing we have no right to do is to enslave the poor in perpetuity to a Communist dictatorship merely to indulge our dislike of the rich.

Let us give away as much as we choose of our own. Let us leave the task of giving away other people's goods to the politicians whose reward is so evidently here that it would be unchristian to deny it to them.



The Philosophy of St. Bonaventure

by ETIENNE GILSON. Translated by DOM ILLYDE TRETHOWAN, O.S.B. and F.J. SHEED

This work is another important contribution to philosophical literature from the pen of a man who has done much towards expounding and interpreting scholastic philosophy. That Prof. Gilson is a leading authority on Scholasticism is unquestioned, and it is a fine thing that his translators have made available to English readers his clear and reliable account of St. Bonaventure's philosophy.

To understand the philosophical position of St. Bonaventure it is first of all necessary to understand the intellectual atmosphere of his time. In philosophical and theological matters this was largely determined by the University of Paris. Most of St. Bonaventure's mature life was spent in Paris and consequently he was keenly aware of the speculative trends of the time. The two schools of thought which were struggling for the mastery at the University of Paris in the lifetime of St. Bonaventure have come to be known as Augustinianism and Aristotelianism. The chief representatives of the Aristotelian trend were St. Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas Aquinas. St. Bonaventure embraced the Augustinian tradition as being more in harmony with Christian revelation.

The fundamental attitude of St. Bonaventure towards the solution of philosophical problems is contained in the following passage from Prof. Gilson's book, and they are words which should be well pondered by all who wish to gain an intelligent appreciation of St. Bonaventure's thought.

"St. Bonaventure is essentially a mystic; but he is at the same time a philosopher, because he conceived the project of systematizing knowledge and being in terms of mysticism; indeed, he is a great philosopher because, like all great philosophers, he followed out his idea to its conclusion in a real synthesis. If the mystical feeling is to be considered as an integral part of human nature, the content of the philosophy of mysticism may very well evolve,

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because our representation of the universe evolves; but never will any doctrine do more complete justice to the experiences which are the eternal sources of mysticism, nor be more comprehensive or more systematically organized than St. Bonaventure's; and if, as is still more evident, mysticism forms an integral part of the Christian life, no doctrinal synthesis will ever be found in which the aspirations of Christian mysticism receive a more abundant satisfaction. You might complain that there is too much mysticism in St. Bonaventure's doctrine; you can never say that there is not enough, for mysticism permeates the whole. But in permeating the whole it systematizes the whole, and it is this which confers upon this doctrine such richness in such unity."

From this it must not be concluded that St. Bonaventure confused philosophy with theology. But he was insistent that it is impossible to formulate a complete philosophy except in the light of faith and mystical experience. To justify his attitude in this matter he repeatedly pointed out the incomplete and erroneous teachings proposed by philosophers following natural reason alone.

Throughout his exposition, Prof. Gilson dwells upon the variations between the teachings of St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas. In certain matters the difference seems to be more a question of emphasis than any radical divergence. Despite the many points of opposition we can agree with Prof. Gilson's judgment that the systems are complementary; but it is difficult to agree with his closing words that "it is because they are complementary that they never either conflict or coincide." In fact Prof. Gilson brings out very masterfully that St. Bonaventure deliberately rejected the Aristotelianism embraced by St. Thomas and as a consequence occupies an independent and honored place in the development of scholastic philosophy.

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The House of Guise

by HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

The House of Guise was one of the most powerful families in the kingdom of France. The Dukes of Lorraine, as they were called, held their heads high. "Though nominally feudatories of the Holy Roman Empire, they were in reality independent princes, and believed themselves as good as kings, or better, for they traced their descent to the eldest son of Charlemagne." With such a genealogy, one can easily understand their family pride.

Claude, François and Henri followed military careers, while Jean and Charles became Cardinals. They were nearly all of striking appearance and commanding presence. Theodore de Bèze, the famous Huguenot scholar, exclaimed: "If I had the graces of the Cardinal of Lorraine, I should hope to convert half the people in France to the religion that I professed." That they were ambitious is generally conceded. But despite their human defects, they were sincere defenders of the Catholic Church. At least they made no truck with the new religion, Protestantism; or rather Calvinism (in France).

The wars of religion in France found the Guises on the side of the Church. Their defense of the ancient religion, as well as their ambition to sit upon the throne, earned for them the hatred and contempt of the Huguenots and their leaders, especially Admiral Coligny and the Prince de Conde. Though the Guises' espousal of the Catholic cause may not have been absolutely disinterested, it is clear that they were as men and Christians superior to the Huguenots and their militant champions.

The story told by Mr. Sedgwick portrays many events of great historical importance, the most notable of which is the celebrated massacre of St. Bartholomew, August 23, 1572. Protestant tradition has maintained that this was a case of Catholics murdering Huguenots. It was nothing of the kind, as Mr. Sedgwick clearly proves. Much of the blame for this alleged religious crime has been laid at the door of the Duke Henri

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de Guise. Undoubtedly he had a motive in getting rid of Coligny, because the Duke considered the Admiral to have murdered his father; but it is the considered opinion of the author that though "the men of the House of Guise were of hot temper and quick susceptibilities, very tenacious of the respect due to the descendants of Charlemagne, and violent against any inferior that infringed it, they were not cruel, and the Duke de Guise, I think from the evidence, was quite free from the guilt of the general massacre on St. Bartholomew's Day." Catherine de Medici's shifty policy and her desire to rid herself of dangerous intriguers can explain the massacre more reasonably. "Without a doubt," says Mr. Sedgwick, "Catherine and her *chers yeux*, Anjou, were the principal authors" of the crime.

In the telling of this famous family's history, the author reveals throughout the true character of the religious wars which almost ruined France. The French Calvinists, or Huguenots, were not a noble band of God-fearing men intent only upon obtaining "religious freedom," but rather a scheming, rebellious group who were intent upon seizing the throne and forcing their horrid doctrines upon Catholics, who would have none of them. Many, no doubt, of the poorer classes were deceived, as they nearly always are, by unscrupulous leaders. Mr. Sedgwick takes a lot of the shine off the halos which "official" histories, as Mr. Belloc calls them, have placed upon their brows.

This book is a notable contribution to historical literature, and its author, a non-Catholic, is to be congratulated for asserting his independence of "official" history, which for hundreds of years has been the monopoly of the Protestant tradition. It is encouraging to see the truth gradually breaking through the clouds of prejudice. It is handsomely produced.
Bobbs, Merrill Co., Indianapolis. \$5.00.

Insurrection Versus Resurrection

by MAISIE WARD

When we reviewed *The Wilfrid Wards and the Transition*, a few years ago, we concluded with the hope that the promised second volume would not fail to appear in good time. We welcome, then, the present continuation of the fascinating story of modern English Catholicism, as related to the lives of a man and wife who occupied a central position amid the outstanding

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ing personalities of that rich development.

Wilfrid Ward, best known as the brilliant biographer of Newman, was, until his death in 1916, one of the leading laymen in the Church. His work was primarily intellectual, for he had inherited from his father, William George Ward, one of the earliest and greatest of the Oxford converts, a deeply philosophical mind; while from the great Cardinal, his beloved Master, he had learned to appreciate the important function of Christian philosophy in assisting the development of the Church's life and activities. The story of his life and work have, in consequence, a profound interest and importance in relation to Newman's own thought and the continuation of his ideals. Mrs. Ward was a personality in her own right, and she is significant in these books, not so much, perhaps, because of her fine work as a Catholic novelist, as for the quality of her character and her influence on her husband's work.

But the new volume is less strictly biographical than the first. As Mrs. Sheed launched out into her account of the new century with all the

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changes it brought in general and ecclesiastical history, and especially with the rise of Modernism, she found it necessary to enlarge and to modify her plan. For this reason we must repeat our criticism of the other book: that it lacks a certain technical unity.

We think, however, that only a pedantic critic will make much of this defect, if it be such. For while the daughter of Wilfrid Ward certainly lacks her father's austere and classic English style, and his extraordinary sense of proportion and balance in the writing of biography and history, she has her own special gifts; and they include a warmth and richness of tone, and a more explicit recognition, perhaps, of other factors in Catholicism besides the intellectual, which make her work, at least in these respects, superior to his, and certainly more "popular."

Students of church history will especially value the account of Modernism which has been called, and, we think, rightly, the best available in English. The correspondences with such men as Von Hugel and Tyrell and a host of others make this dangerous movement more intelligible than any abstract account could ever do.

The work as a whole gives a well-rounded picture of church history—a picture from the very life. And Mrs. Sheed's personal comments on so many of the activities which make the Church in England what it is today are not the least valuable part of her book. We feel that this book, in itself, represents a portion of that Apostolate to which we all owe so much, and with which the Ward family, for three generations, has been so closely associated.

Sheed and Ward, N. Y. \$3.75.

Chesterton, Belloc, Baring

by RAYMOND LAS VERGNAS

The three studies elaborated in this volume appeared originally in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. Slightly amplified and expertly translated by the celebrated English Jesuit, Father Martindale, they have been fitted into one volume.

Raymond Las Vergnas describes the literary output of Chesterton as "firm fleshed, hard muscled, strong skeletonized and vitalized by an up-leaping sap and yet compact of mischief, paradox, even of acrobatics, of chuckles and of word skill" and yet with all, an exuberant and sparkling wisdom. He describes Chesterton as

the radiant optimist who could always be a child because he had discovered a Mother who was old with mellowed wisdoms and yet young with spirit and tireless sympathy.

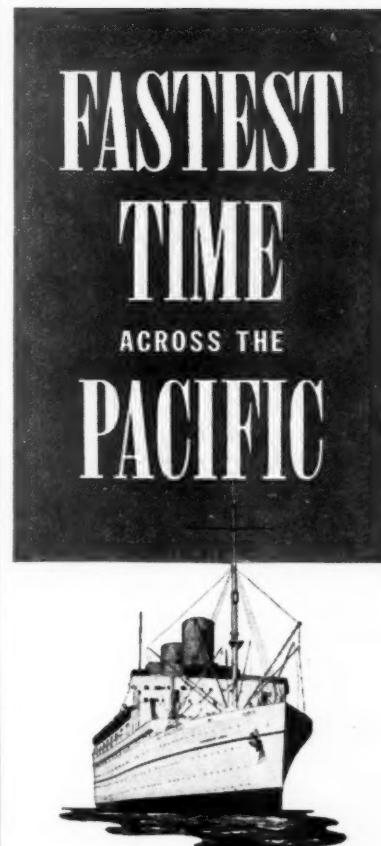
Belloc who since childhood "held only one Mother dear;" Belloc whose life knew no detours or experiments with rusting and aging infidelity, is the subject of a second sympathetic study. His pugnacity and his hatred for the thriving lie led him into controversy, while his determination to give new life to truths "which he considered to have been deliberately travestied by British Protestantism" helped him to become eminent as a historian. There are many expert analyses of Belloc's historical writings in this study, but it is particularly interesting to this reviewer to note that Belloc anticipated the scholarly criticism which has berated him for not setting and settling upon and consecrating his superb talents to idle, inconsequential details. But Belloc had no leisure for what he called "micrography" which with unusual liberty of translation might be called the futile and profitless pursuit of splinters of the tree of knowledge. Belloc's achievements as controversialist, litterateur and historian well merit the glowing appreciations which are evident in this study by Raymond Las Vergnas.

The third study is devoted to appraising the career and the literary talents of Maurice Baring. Maurice Baring if not a lesser has been at least a quieter celebrity. His brief career as diplomat introduced him to a large world. His early efforts as a scholar were concerned with supplying to the English-speaking world the richnesses of Russian letters. His conversion in 1909 equipped him with that Sacramental state of mind which taught him that the world of fairyland is usually more true than the world of observable fact. In any event into his later writings his newfound faith is interjected with suavity and beauty.

There is an appendix to these studies by Father Martindale wherein he treats such matters as Chesterton's supposed hatred of the Prussian. Raymond Las Vergnas in presenting Chesterton and his allies as Francophiles describes them as bitter haters of the Prussian. Father Martindale easily and neatly disposes of this charge and manages other points of disagreement with literary and rational expertise. In any event it is a superb essay by Father Martindale, the net result being another choice volume published by Sheed and Ward.

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The Labor Movement in America

by MARJORIE CLARK and S. FANNY SIMON

Much is heard these days about the condition of labor in this country. And, as is the usual case, terms are bandied about carelessly in discussions. That is what makes this book a timely publication. The authors are most careful to define clearly each term they use. Such terms as closed shop, open shop, industrial unions, craft unions, etc., assume a new importance as the authors carefully and clearly define and explain their meanings.

The book is well written and presents a history of the labor movement in America that will be of great value to all who are interested in present-day problems. The story of the pioneers in the American labor movement, the difficulties they had to overcome both from their fellow workers and the employers, makes as graphic a tale as any modern fiction.

Objection may be taken to some of the deductions made by the authors. One gathers that they are favorable to Government intervention—at least to the extent that the Government should control utilities; to the possibility that sit-down strikes may come to be an accepted weapon of Labor

in its struggle with Capital; to the idea that the interests of employers and employees were not and never could be, in our present system, the same. These and other conclusions are open to debate. But one feels that these ideas are stated by the authors not as dogmas that must be accepted but rather as opinions. And each of us is entitled to his opinion.

This book will prove interesting and informative to all. The style is good and makes for easy reading. The matter is well presented and will profit anyone who reads the book.

W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., N. Y. \$2.00.

John Wesley in the Evolution of Protestantism

by MAXIMIN PIETTE, O.F.M.

Translated by Rev. J. B. Howard

Scholars, both Protestant and Catholic, have already paid deserved tribute to the painstakingly exhaustive research and the commendable gift of historical sympathy which are represented in this achievement of the Franciscan Doctor of Louvain, Père Piette. For it is certainly the best existing and probably the definitive monograph on John Wesley, the Founder of Methodism.

To give true perspective to his portrait Père Piette first sketches the broad outlines of the whole Protestant movement. He then surveys the moral and religious decadence into which the England of the Eighteenth Century had unhappily fallen. The important factors in the formation of Wesley's remarkable character are indicated with notable literary artistry. In particular, the author describes the austere home-life of Wesley in the rural parsonage of his father, Rev. Samuel Wesley, and the edifying, albeit inevitably warped, spiritually educative influence of his mother, which determined his whole apostolic career. It was she who interiorized and "methodized" his spiritual life. One cannot help but regret that Susanna Wesley had not greater and especially supernatural and truly sacramental and liturgical riches to pass on to her favorite son, who was destined to be the founder of one of the most important Protestant sects and perhaps the greatest figure in post-Reformation English religious history.

Of that apostolate, Père Piette gives us an excellent account. Its scope and intensity may be inferred from the statistical summary which the author provides. He estimates that in the more than fifty years of his active ministry, Wesley traveled,

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Review in this Section

Cathedral Press,
 St. Paul, Minn.
 \$50

mostly on horseback, about 225,000 miles and preached about 52,400 sermons! Catholic missionaries of our time may be especially interested to learn that after he had reached his fortieth year, Wesley preached not fewer than 40,000 sermons and that even at the age of 82 years, he was still carrying out an almost incredibly strenuous missionary program.

The book makes absorbing reading and will furnish many profitable reflections. For example, one wonders how long the diluted and spurious Christianity of contemporary Methodism will survive the seemingly all-engulfing tide of Neo-Paganism. Also, it is scarcely impudent to ask whether a true disciple of John Wesley, spiritually fed, as he was, on the Sacred Scriptures and the Imitation of Christ and the lives of Catholic saints, would be found today on the side of the Red Russia-inspired and sustained "Loyalists" of tragic Spain.

However, we do not wish to end this review of Père Piette's work on a discouraging note. For one may sincerely hope that this book, enthusiastically acclaimed by Catholics and Methodists alike, will help to

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unite whatever virile, honest Christianity remains in contemporary Methodism with the eternally abiding strength of authentic, because divinely authoritarian, Christianity against the common foe.

Sheed and Ward, N. Y. \$5.00.

De Quincey's Joan of Arc and the English Mail Coach

Edited by A. A. PURCELL, S.J.

Joan of Arc has been a dramatic and heroic figure without parallel since the day in 1431 when she was martyred in the public square at Rouen. Sporadically, the great masters of literature have drawn from her life inspiration for criticism, poetry and drama. Schiller, Voltaire, Shakespeare, Southey, De Quincey, Shaw and others have, each in his own way, attempted to depict the mystery of Joan of Arc.

De Quincey's *Joan of Arc* is probably the most popular in that it is the work of the eccentric author of *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater*. Few authors have attracted readers on the mere score of the *bizarrie* of their lives as he has done. And there are fewer who de-

mand more critical guidance for their readers because of what has been termed De Quincey's "unconquerable tendency to rigmarole," his notorious habit of digression, and an ingrained habit of prejudices and violent bias towards personalities.

These facts give to Father Purcell's edition of De Quincey's *Joan of Arc* a singular merit, for he has thoroughly sifted the essay and separated the wheat from the chaff. The book is not merely a reprint of *Joan of Arc* (and the incidental *English Mail Coach*), but contains an analytical examination of De Quincey's life, a critique of his essay style, the necessary historical background, and illuminating notes on the text. All of which makes for a well-rounded, critical edition which although primarily intended for high schools, still retains its wider scope of appeal for all readers.

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Radio Replies

by RUMBLE AND CARTY

Father Charles Carty of the Archdiocese of St. Paul has done a valuable thing in editing for American readers the 1588 Radio Replies of Father Rumble of Sydney, N. S. W.

In the introduction Father Carty tells the story of how this came about.

"*Radio Replies*, by Rev. Dr. Rumble, M. S. C., is the result of five years of answering questions during a one-hour Question Box Program over Radio Station 2SM Sydney, N. S. W. The revision of *Radio Replies* for American readers was prompted by the widespread interest the Australian edition created among Protestants and Catholics during the summer of 1937, when I was carrying on as a Catholic Campaigner for Christ, the Apostolate to the man in the street through the medium of my trailer and loud-speaking system. In the distribution of pamphlets and books on Catholicism, *Radio Replies* proved the most talked of book carried in my trailer display of Catholic literature. The clergy and layman engaged in Street Preaching agree that it is not so much what you say over the microphone in answer to questions from open air listeners but what you get into their hands to read.

"My many converts of the highways and parks throughout the Archdiocese of St. Paul have embraced the Faith as a result of studying this book. Whole families have come into the Church through reading this book by this renowned convert from

Anglicanism. The delay in getting copies from Sydney and the prohibitive cost of the book on this side of the universe led me to petition the author to have published a cheap American edition in order to get this encyclopedia of Catholic Doctrine on the newsstands of the nation. Because of the author's genius for brevity, precision, fearlessness and keen logic that avoids the usually long Scriptural and Traditional arguments of the average question and answer book, which is beyond the capacity of the man in the street, this manual of 1588 questions and replies has already attracted readers throughout Australia, New Zealand, Africa, India, England, Ireland, Canada and now in the United States.

"The questions he answers are the questions I had to answer before friendly and hostile audiences throughout my summer campaign. The piquant and provocative subject matter of this book makes it a fascinating assembly of 300 or more worthwhile pamphlet tracts, a dictionary of doctrine for the desk of the family, the student, the shop hand, the office worker, the attorney, the doctor, the teacher, and the preacher. It is a handy standard reference book of excellence for popular questions which are more than ever being asked by restless and bewildered multitudes. It is a textbook for



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Great Argument

by PHILIP GIBBS

The hero of *Great Argument* is Edward Jesson, Laborite M.P. during the crisis through which England passed in 1935 because of Mussolini's venture in Ethiopia. Having passed through the horrors of the World War as a combatant, a war in which his wife was killed in an air raid, Jesson had devoted himself to the cause of peace. He had worked with passionate ardor for general disarmament, for the ideals of the League of Nations, for collective security, only to find that all these things which were as his very life-blood could not withstand the final assault made upon them by a serious threat of armed conflict. The passionate ardor of Jesson's devotion is the measure of his agony and bewilderment at the downfall of all his cherished ideas.

While Jesson holds the centre of the stage, the other characters, representing every variety of opinion from jingoism to the most rigorous pacifism, round out what is on the whole a good story. Jesson's daughter Faith is a rare and attractive character. *Great Argument* cannot, however be classed as one of Philip Gibbs' best novels. It suffers somewhat from excessive repetition and prolonged dialogue. These defects are counterbalanced to a great extent, however, by the author's profound and firsthand knowledge of men and thought in contemporary England.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, N.Y. \$3.00.

A Memoir of AE

by JOHN EGLINTON

Now that Irish affairs are again in the headlines such books as the present memoir have a special interest. It is readable, factual, and dispassionate and will be welcome to many who have wished to know something definite about this ubiquitous, yet mysterious AE.

We find that George William Russell, who died in 1935 at the age of 68, had much to sustain his reputation for genius. He was a poet and a painter, a dreamer and at the same time a very practical student of agricultural economics. Yet it would seem that it was his special quality of personality, and above all his conversational gift, which gave him his ascendancy among leading Irishmen. It was not mere loquacity—though one friend did say: "I think Russell must have spoken more words than almost anybody"; but his speech, apparently, possessed some incomparable quality which made his talk fascinating.

Mr. Eglinton, perhaps unfortunately, makes little attempt to evaluate Russell's thought; though he does provide us with ample materials for judgment. And this judgment must be that as a philosopher, AE was essentially unreal and confused. It should be enough to point out that, like his friend Yeats, he was a victim of the spurious mysticism and charlatany known as Theosophy. He believed in vague spirits and in the "ancient gods of Ireland"; he thought the earth itself divine. Reincarnation, and all the rest of it, he constantly inculcated in his poems, his letters, and above all in his interminable discourse.

This account of Russell calls to mind the words which Harvey Wickham wrote of another nebulous stylist, George Santayana: "His words have that musical persuasiveness which makes nonsense seem plausible and self-contradiction a

mere modulation, as from a major to a minor key." It is not surprising to read in the Memoir that the two men read one another's books.

But how did such a man attain such prestige in Catholic Ireland, which, as Mr. Eglinton remarks, is, after all, the real Ireland? The question is not clearly answered here; but it seems true to say that AE and his circle, while conspicuous in the eyes of the world, were, after all, a largely alien element in the genuine life of their country. AE was appreciated for his talents and for his kindness, but his fundamental thought could not but be rejected by a realistic and a Christian people.

Mr. Eglinton's little book might have been more complete had he included among his anecdotes the one which Oliver Gogarty has told about AE and Michael Collins. This practical Irishman was once introduced into one of Russell's—shall we say?—seances. As AE discoursed at length to a gaping audience, including, among others, several American girls from Bryn Mawr, all about "the nature of the psyche . . . the spirit which transcends the soul . . . present in the sunlight . . ." Collins broke the spell by producing a stubby pencil and a little book and asking the question which even the present valuable study hardly answers: "Your point, Mr. Russell?"

The Macmillan Co., N.Y. \$2.50.

SHORTER NOTES

FIRST FRIDAYS WITH THE SACRED HEART, by REV. L. NAUER, M.S.C. (Sacred Heart Monastery, Aurora, Ill.). To all who are really and truly devoted to the Sacred Heart or wish to become so this attractive little book is earnestly recommended. It comes in imitation leather binding, at \$1.00, and in red or gold edged binding, at \$1.50.

Select your books from our reviews

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MY SUNDAY MISSAL, by REV. JOSEPH F. STEDMAN (Confraternity of the Precious Blood, Brooklyn, N. Y., 20 cents (board covers), 30 cents (fabric-bound)).

We agree with the reviewer who said of this book: "We have seen many Sunday missals, but we can truthfully say that we have seen none to equal this in simplicity, attractiveness and price."

The book is of pocket or pocket-book size, attractively printed on good paper, well bound, and so simple in its method that every child as well as every adult can become as familiar with the Mass as the priest at the altar. It is not in our opinion just another missal—it is the missal. An excellent preparation for the Daily Missal.

The calendar of Masses until 1946, the collection of prayers, morning, evening, etc., the explanation for each Mass and the parts of the Mass, the charts and pictures, make this little book a splendid contribution to the liturgical revival.

DISCOURSES ON THE APOSTLES' CREED, by REV. CLEMENT H. CROCK (Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., N. Y. C., \$2.75). This collection of forty-seven sermons form a sermon aid that most young priests will like to have on their shelves. They cover the subject of the Apostles' Creed. The bibliography cited is such as would make a nice little library on the subject. The sermons are the fruit or digest of readings of the bibliography combined with their author's excogitations. The diction is up to date and quite suitable for preaching to an ordinary city congregation. It would be a very acceptable present to a newly ordained priest.

POEMS, by EILEEN DUGGAN (Allen & Unwin, London, \$2.00). Quantitarians may quibble at the slimness of this sheaf. Qualitarians will delight in the perfectionism of an exquisite lyricist. These thirty-seven poems sing into the heart like an old song, and like an old song every phrase

and cadence has a haunting inevitability. Lyric poetry is difficult of definition. One can only say that this is lyric utterance of a very high order.

Occasional outmoded contractions and poeticisms do not reverse this judgment. Perhaps Miss Duggan—besides borrowing from Donne a gnarled appositeness of phrase, dissonant enough to be destructive of lyrical monotony—has slipped from admiration to unconscious pastiche.

I prefer to omit more quotable lines for the pointed timeliness of these from "Nationality":

"He was the very Jew of Jews
And yet since He was God—
Oh you with fronted hearts,
Conceive it if you can—
It was not life alone He gave
But country up for man."

A lyricist could leave no more impressive testament than a shattering of the crystal sphere of personal experience into shards so slashing to all nationalistic prejudice.

THE LIFE OF THE MOST REVEREND CLEMENT SMYTH, D.D., O.S.C.O. by A SISTER OF THE VISITATION, (New Melleray Abbey, Peosta, Iowa, \$2.00), is an attempt to bring to the light the

piety and labors of the successor of Bishop Loras, apostolic pioneer in that region. The style is warmly spiritual and the chapters devoted to life in a Trappist monastery and the foundation of Melleray and New Melleray Abbeys will edify. This volume will afford much valuable source of material, if at a later date a more extensive and detailed life of Bishop Clement Smyth be attempted.

SEVEN SWORDS, by HUGH F. BLUNT, PH. D. (P. J. Kennedy & Sons, N. Y., \$1.00). When a fact is related in the Gospel, and the manner of it is not explained, we may, with due limitations, represent it to ourselves or describe it to others in such a way as appears to us the most suitable, the most probable, and most proper to inspire devotion. But we must always use discretion and remember that if it is not clearly stated in Holy Scripture it is only a simple pious thought of our own.

Father Blunt, in *Seven Swords*, carefully considers and describes the Seven Great Sorrows of Our Blessed Mother, in a way that will inspire devotion. This book is therefore recommended to all, that it may help to bring the Man of Sorrows and the Mother of Sorrows into our daily lives, and make us better Christians.

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The good priests and Sisters in China need all the assistance they can get. This is another way of aiding them in the cause for which they are striving. We have a selection of United States and Foreign stamps to send out on approval.

Write us for information on requesting stamps from our approval selection: either U. S. or Foreign.

Address correspondence to:

JOHN W. HOFFMANN

Stamp Dept. THE SIGN Union City, N. J.

Archconfraternity of the Passion of Jesus Christ

A Eucharistic Meditation

TO MAKE us sure of Heaven, Jesus died for us and left us not only His merits but His entire self as well. And He chose bread in preference to other substance for the Eucharistic Sacrifice that He might leave it to us as a perpetual memorial of His Sacred Passion. He had already compared Himself to a grain of wheat; and now, in the Blessed Sacrament, He wishes us to comprehend what is done to wheat—which is beaten, ground and pulverized in order that it may be made into bread—was done also to Him when, during the agony of His Passion, He was wholly ground and beaten down. Therefore, He expects that the Eucharistic Bread should remind us of that immense love by which He chose to suffer and to die for us upon the Cross, every Mass and Communion giving us an opportunity to think of His sorrowful Passion, to unite ourselves with Him by the closest participation, and so to share His sacrificial act.

How many great and good things would be effected in souls if they understood that Holy Communion is a Sacrificial Food, and that Jesus has chosen the appearances of bread and wine in order to unite us with Himself in His Sacrifice on the Altar, and on the Cross. Therefore, when difficulties, suffering, crosses come our way, let us not complain but think that through the Eucharistic Sacrifice and Eucharistic Banquet we are dedicated to be a victim with Jesus.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ shall appear, Who is your life, then shall you also appear with Him in glory."
Col. III 3-4.

"O Sacred Banquet, in which Christ is received, the memory of His Passion is renewed, the mind is filled with grace, and a pledge of future glory is given to us."

Members of the Archconfraternity might well supplement this meditation by the chapter of their Rule of Life on "The Holy Mass."

(REV.) RAYMUND KOHL, C.P.,
DIRECTOR GENERAL

ST. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY,
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY.

Gemma's League of Prayer

BLESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League of Prayer.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

"The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page,

shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

Masses Said.....	15
Masses Heard.....	64,272
Holy Communions.....	28,389
Visits to B. Sacrament.....	29,238
Spiritual Communions.....	44,047
Benediction Services.....	6,275
Sacrifices, Sufferings.....	46,790
Stations of the Cross.....	13,860
Visits to the Crucifix.....	15,650
Beads of the Five Wounds.....	4,023
Offerings of PP. Blood.....	62,803
Visits to Our Lady.....	19,340
Rosaries.....	25,721
Beads of the Seven Dolors.....	2,988
EJaculatory Prayers.....	1,058,936
Hours of Study, Reading.....	14,322
Hours of Labor.....	40,937
Acts of Kindness, Charity.....	27,384
Acts of Zeal.....	8,942
Prayers, Devotions.....	160,928
Hours of Silence.....	19,273
Various Works.....	26,728
Holy Hours.....	238

Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Eccles. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

MOST REV. MICHAEL JOSEPH SPARR
MOST REV. HENRY JOSEPH O'LEARY
RT. REV. MSGR. FRANCIS JOHANNES
REV. JOHN M. FOX, C. P.
REV. FR. HENNESSY
REV. STANLEY J. SIKORSKI
REV. AMBROSE A. DORE
REV. PETER J. McHugh
REV. JOHN HARDMAN
VERY REV. MOTHER M. MAJOUX, R. C.
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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
—Amen.



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June Brings Its Joys And Its Problems

THE SIGN
+
Union City-N. J.

Graduation, for all the study that has preceded it, is but a beginning. Thousands of eager young Catholics will step out of high school or college to win their place in life. Reading will play an important part in forming their characters and their careers. We suggest that an excellent gift from you to the young graduates you know would be a subscription to THE SIGN. A special gift card will be sent at your request. Subscription price: one year, \$2.00; three years, \$5.00.

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